

35c

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September 19, 1956

down beat

Roy Eldridge



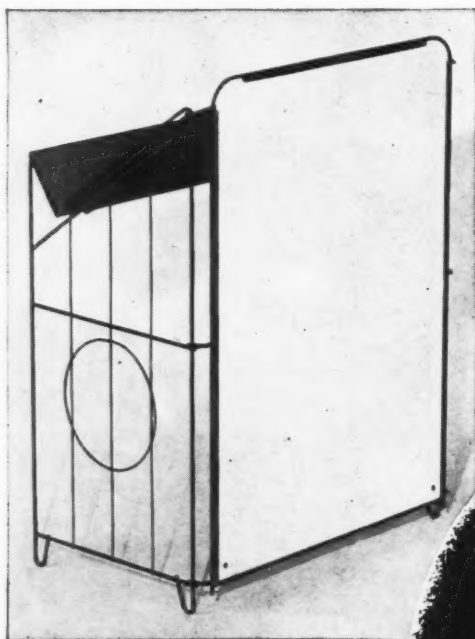
Art Hentoff • Leonard Feather
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Art Pepper's Tragic Story
This Issue: Record Whirl

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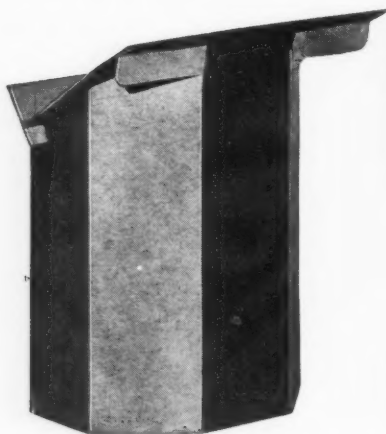


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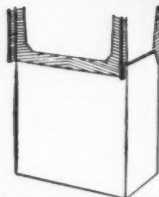
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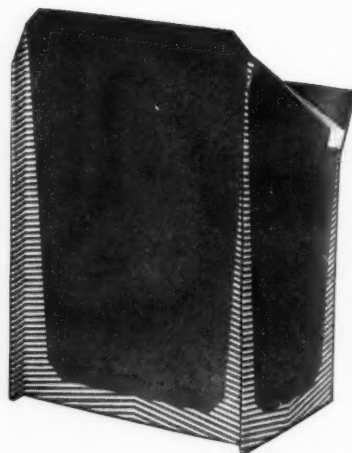


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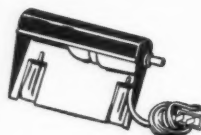
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Tex Can Play . . .

Bay Pines, Fla.

To the Editor:
Attention Chas. Emge:

In the July 25 issue you wrote a review on *Jazz Americana* by Woody Woodward. You said that the final portion of the book was given to a recapitulation of the first five winners in each division of the poll conducted by a magazine, whose readership, it is inferred, was the most authoritative.

You also said, "it is interesting to note that they voted Tex Benecke the leading jazz tenor man in 1941 and 1942, over such as Chu Berry, Coleman Hawkins, and Ben Webster, who barely placed."

Well I hate to see Tex put down like that. He can play in his idiom. Just look at today's polls. Stan Getz has been voted the leading jazz tenor man during the last five or six years over such players as Lester Young, and Al Cohn, and Ray Turner (who is The Cat), who has never even showed on a poll, much less placed.

Yours for bigger and better and more amusing polls.

Marvin Terry Fortunoff

Appalling Conclusion . . .

Laurelton, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading your annual jazz poll, and among grimaces

and nods of satisfaction (my biased opinions, naturally) I arrived at an appalling conclusion. Where is the Dave Brubeck quartet?

Surely a group as important as theirs—pioneers in modern jazz who appeared at every major concert this year and placed second in last year's poll—should be included among the top jazz combos. Or is there some behind-the-scenes info that I am ignorant of? It is a puzzlement.

Kenneth Lux

P.S. To ease the hurt that I have caused, I would like a year's subscription to *Down Beat*.

Underrated . . .

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editor:

Just read your Aug. 8 issue from cover to cover and know it is tops as usual.

Thinking about underrated jazzmen as I often do, I came across the name of Jack McVea, a truly fine tenor sax player. It's a shame how much this man has been neglected, while Bill Haley's tenor honker is getting more publicity and loot. Even though I am 17 and surrounded by rock and roll enthusiasts, I never fail to sound off against this musical garbage when I can.

To get back to McVea, though; he's not even listed in Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*. He has an individual style, deepest tone I ever heard on tenor, good ideas, and, in my opinion, completely cuts the highly touted Jacquet in Volumes 4, 5, and 7 of JATP. He might have gone on to rock

and roll honking (heaven forbid!). That is what I'd like to find out.

I would appreciate knowing what McVea is doing and where I can write him for an autographed picture because, although I think it's unique, I am a Jack McVea fan.

Bob Weigman

No Blunder . . .

Friedberg, Germany

To the Editor:

Being an avid reader of each issue of *Down Beat*, I find very little to criticize in the way of Nat Hentoff's excellent jazz reviews, but I do believe he made a slight blunder when he mentioned the fact that Wyatt Reuther once was bassist with Dave Brubeck.

I don't believe Reuther ever played with Brubeck, unless it was during Brubeck's early days of experimentation on the west coast seven or eight years ago.

Stafford Holle

(Ed. Note: Reuther was a member of the Brubeck quartet for a few months four years ago.)

Swinging . . .

Bar Harbor, Maine

To the Editor:

Gentlemen, I'd like to say thanks for the Aug. 8 issue coverage of the Newport festival. I felt like swinging.

Bob Quimby

Big Deal? . . .

Merion, Pa.

To the Editor:

What's the big deal with Lawrence Welk and his "Champagne Music." You would have to have had plenty of

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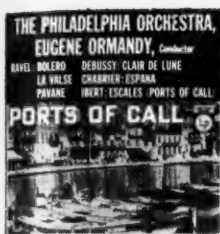
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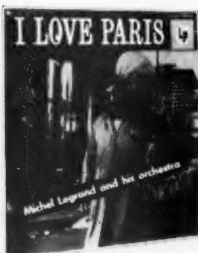
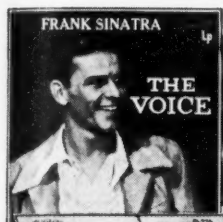
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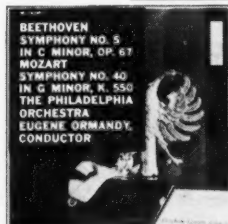
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


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


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
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champagne to think that good music.

First of all his instruments. Some of them yes, and some of them . . . I have seen big marching bands that didn't have the conglomeration of odd instruments that he has. Some of his instruments belong in a marching band, others in a church accompanying a choir, and others—well you may put them where you want them, but surely not in a dance band.

I am sure that he is trying to hide his music behind stage showmanship, people looking at the instruments half

of them never saw in their life, and his "an-duh one, an-duh two, an-duh three, an-duh four."

Besides the above, let's talk about the arrangements. I don't know who his arrangers are, and frankly I don't care. It sounds to me like they had the hiccoughs when they wrote that music. Several times I have turned on the FM to listen to some good music, and without knowing for sure who the band was, bet my last penny it was Lawrence. What other band is so choppy and once in awhile you go into an organ solo,

followed by an accordion, a guitar, a soprano sax, a tuba, and finally the whole 9,000 of them go into a choppy little ending.

I think he would have a much better band if he fired half of his musicians, used normal instruments, got new writers, and took that big smile off his face.

Jay R. Feierman

Crude . . .

New York City

To the Editor:

I have finished reading the Aug. 8 issue which lists the results of the critics awards.

In my estimation this contest was very crudely conducted. Your final selection of winners was misconstrued.

First: Your comparing different types of musicians. Example: The winner of the best combo award was the Modern Jazz Quartet. Yet, placing fifth, is the Wilbur DeParis group.

In comparison, these two combos are far apart technically. Whereas the MJQ is modern progressive jazz and Wilbur DeParis is a Dixieland group, I feel two separate contests should have been held, since it represents two different types of music. The rest of the contest results fall in the same line. Many different kinds of music all being compared as one.

Ann Ganz

(Ed. Note: *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics poll ballot asks only that critics vote for the group they consider to be the best jazz combo. The world's 35 leading critics were sent ballots in 1956. That more voted for the MJQ than voted for Wilbur DeParis does not seem to us to be a crude method of conducting the poll. Rather, it appears that a majority of the critics feel there is more of musical value in MJQ than in DeParis.)

Word Of Thanks . . .

Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editor:

I would like to thank Quincy Jones very much for his wonderful tribute to a great musician—Clifford Brown, who in his brief career made so many fine contributions to the art of jazz.

Michael Blustein

Consistency . . .

Las Vegas, Nev.

To the Editor:

I was amused by Stan Kenton's "mountain out of a molehill" telegram anent the *Down Beat* Jazz Critics poll in the Sept. 5 issue. This construction is consistent, of course, with Stan's own music, but hardly explains the piteous bleats by Kenton over the results.

It's curious how completely silent Kenton was when other polls' results might have suggested "a minority problem in Negro musicians." In fact, when results of other polls favored Kenton, you heard nothing but his specialized, simpering, posturing appreciation—in paid ads yet.

Now, however, honest and good sport that he is, we find him "completely disgusted by this year's poll."

Talk about sour grapes . . . or does Kenton really believe he's got a better jazz band than Basie or Duke? If he were honest with himself, he wouldn't mention his band in the same breath with Duke or Basie.

Norman Granz

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By Jack Tracy

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT that the American jazz groups which have played overseas have done a great deal of good. Both jazz and the United States have benefited.

But in the rush to acclaim the good that has been done, one not-so-pretty aspect has largely been ignored. That has to do with the conduct of some of the musicians who have been abroad. They have acted disgracefully.

Examples include the atrocious behavior of some of the men taken to Sweden by Rolf Ericson; the shouted obscenities and petulant tantrum before a welcoming group at a European airport by a member of a well-known jazz combo; the musician referred to by Europeans as "such talent, but such sickness."

There are more. Obviously much of it stems from the manner in which jazzmen are received abroad. They are lionized and treated as artists wherever they appear. "Some are not yet mature enough to take it, and they act like idiots," said Stan Kenton recently. "They forget their obligation to the arts. Performers are in a position to undo some of the harm the tourists do, if only they'd stop and think about it."

But how can it be done? We have a few suggestions.

● It must be impressed upon musicians about to go overseas just what they will be facing. They should be ready for almost incessant questioning from anyone who can get near enough to talk to them, and some of the questions may appear silly. But they should be answered in the best way the men know how.

● It would be wise for the American Federation of Musicians, or the booking agencies, or even the U.S. state department to prepare a booklet that would be distributed to musicians going overseas which would outline and give answers to the day-to-day problems they will face.

● At least two leaders have learned the hard way what can happen when a band is not clean narcotics-wise. A death is only one of the possibilities that already has become an actuality.

A lot of bands have been to foreign shores in the last few years, and some of the novelty is beginning to wear off. Europeans in particular are beginning to scrutinize not only the music produced, but the individuals themselves as human beings.

What they have seen so far generally has been favorable. And we realize that no matter how circumspect the behavior of a group in a foreign country, there is bound to be some criticism of actions, only if because different peoples act differently due to native customs and habits.

But because the actions of a few can taint feelings against the many, a conscious effort must be made on the part of leader and sideman alike to always remember that not only are they representing American jazz, but this country as well. Even more than many realize, they are ambassadors at large.



down beat

Volume 23, No. 19

September 19, 1956

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special feature

Beginning on page 39 is *Down Beat's* first special *Record Whirl* section, a monthly survey of the pop music scene looked at through jazz eyes. First section looks thoroughly at this thing called rock and roll, and includes articles on every phase of it.

departments

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One of the standout figures in jazz for nearly a score of years, Roy Eldridge continues to amaze listeners with the vitality and still-growing skill of his trumpet playing. Don't miss Nat Hentoff's full-length interview with Little Jazz that begins on page 13, wherein Roy gives his long and detailed reaction to today's jazz picture.

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New York

JAZZ: Phineas Newborn Jr. signed with RCA Victor and was due to slice his first sides last week, with his regular quartet . . . Duke Ellington wrote two new originals, and Billy Strayhorn one new opus, for an experimental binaural-sound session at Columbia. At presstime, Irving Townsend had Duke almost set for an exclusive Columbia contract . . . Creed Taylor of ABC-Paramount spent a couple of days in Chicago for two live sessions, Billy Taylor at the London House and Don Elliott at the Modern Jazz room . . . Phil Sunkel signed with ABC-Paramount and has an LP due out soon. Oscar Pettiford, also set with the label, will be represented with a big band date next month, and Whitey Mitchell's set with arrangements by Neal Hefti is on the September list.

Count Basie and band winged to Stockholm Aug. 30 and expect to remain in Europe through Oct. 13, returning for a Philly opening two days later . . . The Leon Sash quartet signed with Storyville for some LP cutting after playing a successful week in the Boston club of the same name . . . Shaw office signed Big Jay McNeely . . . Buck Clayton has joined the happy family behind the bar at the Metropole on Seventh Ave. . . . Leroy Burns, a 19-year-old drumming discovery of Cozy Cole, replaced Cozy during his vacation last month . . . Tenor man Tony Graye recently cut an album for Melba Records' new jazz series. His quintet appeared at Birdland Aug. 27.

ENTERTAINMENT-IN-THE-ROUND: The Glenn Miller band under Ray McKinley, still doing fabulous business everywhere, kicks off the fall season by opening the Statler hotel in Washington, D. C., Sept. 20 for three weeks . . . Helen Forrest, suffering from vertigo, reported due to undergo surgery on her ear . . . Marti Stevens a hit in summer stock . . . Abe Turchen, longtime Woody Herman manager, tied the knot recently with ex-Copa cutie Cindy Richmond and left on a two-month honeymoon . . . Boston Symphony orchestra sailed Aug. 14 for a six-week concert tour of Europe . . . Future bookings for NBC's Bandstand include Tommy Tucker and Ray McKinley, Sept. 10 week; McKinley and one other Sept. 17 week; Sammy Kaye for two weeks starting Sept. 24.

Ed Sullivan's automobile accident and chest injury, which kept him off his CBS Sunday night TV show for several weeks, enabled Steve Allen to line up some powerful potential competitive ratings with stars such as Sinatra, Julius La Rosa, and Mamie Van Doren . . . Lili and her Parisian songs reopened the Chardas after its summer hiatus . . . Apollo theater, after a month dark, reopened Aug. 17 with the Buddy Johnson band and Clyde McPhatter . . . Jan August plays "concert music during dinner," it says here, in his sessions at the Hunting room of the Sheraton Astor . . . Jack Leonard, the Sinatra of 1938, who had drifted out of singing into personal management, now acting as assistant to Nat Cole.

ONSTAGE: Charlotte Rae and Joe E. Marks have been signed for the roles of Mamma and Pappy Yokum in the musical comedy *Li'l Abner* . . . Lola Fisher, who had been singing and dancing in the chorus for four months, was rushed in as understudying to Julie Andrews in *My Fair Lady* and turned out to be the biggest hit-understudy in years . . . Maxine Sullivan has written a play, *Gingerbread Girl*, for and about teenagers, which she hopes to have tried out in a community center soon.

RECORDS: Gil Melle is cutting a series of "quarter-plus guests" sessions for Prestige featuring his own unit with such added attractions as Julius Watkins, Art Farmer, and Hal McKusick. Melle's rhythm section on the sides comprises Joe Cinderella, Ed Thigpen, and Vinnie Burke . . . Jutta Hipp made a new session for Blue Note using Zoot Sims and two of Zoot's sidemen, trumpeter Jerry Lloyd and bassist Ahmed-Abdul Malik, as well as her own drummer, Ed Thigpen . . . Blue Note also took a trip to Wilmington (along with engineer Rudy Van Gelder) to record organist Jimmy Smith on the stand at the Baby Grand . . . Terry Gibbs' next LP for EmArcy will feature him in front of a 19-piece band, with three arrangements apiece by Manny Albam, Al Cohn, Bob Brookmeyer, and Ernie Wilkins.

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A Rose By . . .

New York—Rock 'n' roll? Sssh, you said 2½ bad words!

The outcry against r&r as a contributor to juvenile delinquency showed its first major impact on the music business last month. Buck Ram, this year's golden boy of rhythm and blues, who has scored doubly as manager of the Platters and writer of many big hit r&r songs, launched his own concert package late in August in Toronto.

Though the show was strictly rock 'n' roll, it was billed as "Buck Ram Presents Happy Music" with the slogan "The Happy Beat for Happy Feet."

Is everybody rocky?

European Tour Set For Helen Merrill

New York—Helen Merrill, who recently switched management to sign with the Monte Kay-Pete Kameron office, has been set for her first European tour.

Eddie and Nicole Barclay of Paris, who control several record companies and publishing firms as well as *Jazz Magazine*, have set Helen for three weeks at their Club St. Germain, where the Blue Stars have been working for several months.

After this, Helen will join the "Birdland Stars in Europe" show now being lined up by Morris Levy for a Nov. 2 opening in Paris. Bud Powell, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Lester Young are among the cast, with one or two other names still to be set.

At presstime, most recent addition to the package was trumpeter Miles Davis.

Won't You Go Along With Me?

New York—Basin Street, the night club on 51st St. just off Broadway that has been one of New York's jazz mainstays for the last three years, may be coming down. The building is expected to be demolished early in 1957 to make way for an eight-story garage.

Ralph Watkins is casing new sites for the club. Under consideration is the first-floor walkup at Broadway and 49th St. which he operated as Bop City in 1950 and which earlier housed many jazz attractions when it was known as the Hurricane and the Zanzibar.

Krupa In Miami Date

Miami—Prior to going on the national tour of Jazz at the Philharmonic, Gene Krupa and his trio are playing a 10-day date at the Ball and Chain, here. The appearance winds up Sept. 9.

Woody Finishes With 8 So He 'Can Afford Big Band'

Hollywood—For the second year in succession, Woody Herman has broken up his big band to finish out the year working with an octet. Taking five during rehearsal here, he unloaded some opinion and general comment on the current state of the big band business.

"Why have I disbanded again?" he asked. "It's very simple. By working the small group, I can afford the big band. You see, there are 12, maybe 16 weeks, of the year when you can work a big band today and keep your head above water. For the balance of the year, it's just not economically feasible, that's all. Oh, sure, you can go through the annual routine of beating your head against the wall, but where does it get you?"

"It seems these days that every three years there's a particularly bad time for big bands. A leader has got to get over that lean period. My own solution is to work with the octet for a few months (this keeps the nucleus of the band together) and then re-form the Herd on tour."

Woody's present plans have taken him to the Bal Tabarin at Lake Tahoe, Nev., for a month. Then he moves on to Las Vegas for two months. In January, after a brief vacation ("Man, I haven't had a vacation since 1947!"), the big unit will re-form, probably in Los Angeles.

This year the Woody Herman octet contains some significant changes in personnel. There are Bill Harris, trombone; Dick Collins and Johnny Coppola, trumpets; Bob Hardaway, tenor, and Woody, clarinet and alto. Vic Feldman, drums and vibes, anchors the

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AFM Headquarters Opens L.A. Branch

Hollywood—The national authority of the AFM is opening a branch office here to be headed by Herman D. Kenin, who has resigned his post as president of the Portland, Ore., local to accept the assignment.

Federation sources deny that the move has any connection with Los Angeles Local 47 rebellion against the policies of AFM President James C. Petrillo.

Kenin said, "I am not coming to Hollywood as a policeman but to represent AFM locals all over U. S. and Canada. I shall not inject myself into the local situation."

Ellington's Orchestra Booked Into Birdland

New York—Duke Ellington and his orchestra, riding high since their triumph at the American Jazz festival, have been booked back into Birdland for two weeks opening Nov. 5.

Other newly set Birdland bookings include Mel Torme, Stan Kenton, and the Hi-Los during January and February.

Message Now Goes 3 Ways

New York—The Jazz Messengers' message is now being sent special delivery in three different directions. With Art Blakey, owner of the Messengers name, now leading an entirely new group, and Kenny Dorham fronting a splinter unit of his own, (the Prophets) former Messenger pianist Horace Silver has started a new quintet and signed with the Shaw agency.

The five pieces of Silver are Horace, Art Farmer on trumpet, Hank Mobley on tenor, Doug Watkins on bass (both Mobley and Watkins are ex-Messengers), and Art Taylor on drums. They open Sept. 24 at the Cotton club in Cleveland.

Blakey's new Western Union boys are Bill Hardman, trumpet; Johnny Griffin, tenor; Sam Dougherty, piano, and Spanky DeBrest, bass.

Cobb Benefit Set In Carnegie

New York—Arnett Cobb, still recuperating from serious injuries suffered in an automobile accident, will be the beneficiary of a big show set for Sept. 26 in Carnegie Hall.

Dozens of jazz stars have offered to contribute their services in a show that is aimed at defraying medical bills for the tenor sax star and bandleader, who still has both legs in a cast and will not be able to play again for many months. Ben Bart of Universal Attractions is helping line up the talent.

This is the second time Cobb's career has been sidetracked. In 1948 he was bedded by tuberculosis of the spine. It was three years before he was able to reorganize his group.

Heftis Front Four, Abandon Big Band

New York—Neal Hefti is the latest maestro to abandon the big-band format, temporarily at least, in favor of a combo.

Teaming again with vocalist-wife Frances Wayne, he opened last month in Rochester, N. Y., fronting a quartet. The sidemen are Howie Collins, guitar; Paul Binnings, bass, formerly with the Commanders; and drummer Joe Boppo, who was briefly heard with Terry Gibbs. Neal is playing both piano and trumpet.

caught in the act

Jean Bredwin Trio; Composer, New York

"Three Girl Instrumentalists" was the vague name by which this trio was billed during its Comopser stint. The girls, who work as a co-operative unit, have been together more than two years but have been confined to the obscure wastelands of Brooklyn and New Jersey, plus a long stretch in a nonjazz Greenwich Village spot.

As the announcer and thus the apparent leader, Jean Bredwin, the drummer with the group, is flanked by bassist Ann Drewnak and pianist Kay Lawrence. Miss Lawrence, of course, gets the solo spotlight most of the time, playing mostly single-note lines in a pleasant modern groove. While lacking the knife-like, sterling attack of Horace Silver, she uses the right cutlery and cooks with the right gas.

Her originals, such as *Kay-Nine*, have a Bud Powellish flavor. Generally she might be summed up as a sort of west side Barbara Carroll. (Or is Barbara an east side Kay Lawrence?)

Miss Bredwin, restricted in this room mostly to brush work, swings gently, shares carefully planned accents with the bassist on first choruses in the group's neat arrangements, and occasionally, as in *Delaunay's Dilemma*, does the Blakey elbow-on-the-snare-to-change-the-tone bit. Though her bass drum accents tend at times to be too heavy, she is a swinging chick.

Miss Drewnak is quite remarkable—certainly the first direct female line from Jimmy Blanton. Even when caught on a rough night (she was just recovering from an arm injury) her solos showed real command of the instrument coupled with modern ideas; her rhythm section work was steady, and, rarity of rarities among girl bass players, every note she played was clearly audible. One hates to make this chauvinistic distinction, but it hardly can be denied that coming from a most attractive brunette (of Hungarian gypsy origin, I'm told) these sounds take on a little extra luster.

The girls have just signed a contract with the Shaw office and are ready right now for the Weins, Holzfeinds, and the big-league night club circuit in general. As the first unit of its kind since the ill-fated Beryl Booker threesome broke up two years ago, this trio deserves to make it.

—Leonard feather

Frank Sinatra, Dorsey Brothers; Paramount Theater, New York

Maybe you can turn back the clock at that. When the Paramount theater revived stage shows (even if only for one week) and united Tommy Dorsey and Frank Sinatra plus Jimmy Dorsey, on hand now as co-leader) you could almost feel the 1942 breezes wafting through the hall.

You could, that is, until you saw the bald patch on the dome of a fellow who was one of the audience on both occasions, a teenager then, a businessman now. And you wonder whether the girl who paraded outside the Paramount this morning carrying a Sinatra for President banner is the daughter of one of those who might have behaved



Frank Sinatra
Just Like 1942

similarly three or four elections ago.

One thing was for sure: it was a great show, and the dyed-in-the-years members of audience loved it as much as the youngsters. Under the Sinatra spell, they were helpless as he scored his biggest hit with *I've Got You Under My Skin* and struck a mood while he struck a match, lit a cigaret, and breathed out *One for My Baby*.

The ushers, too, were helpless when, as Sinatra begged the crowd to take his arms, he'd never use them, a young woman leaped past all obstructions to rush up onstage and throw her arms around him in a fitting why-not-take-all-of-me mood. ("That's not fair!" remonstrated Frankie.)

The Dorseys were well represented, with *Well, Git It* as the opener, Lynn Roberts looking lovelier than ever and singing capably, and a medley of TD and JD hits.

At the closing show on opening night, Walter Winchell was behind the footlights to introduce Miss Universe of 1970 and Miss Somebody of something else, and a couple of others who, when introduced, proved to be absent. But only one thing really mattered—Sinatra was present, and, for thousands who came, saw and were conquered during this wonderful nostalgic week, Sinatra was president.

—Leonard feather

Hollywood Bowl Jazz Concert; Los Angeles

Boasting what is usually described as a "star studded" array of jazz talent, the second annual concert of jazz music at the Hollywood Bowl, held the evening of Aug. 15, broke all attendance records for this starlit amphitheater. Almost 19,000 passed the turnstiles to a net of \$32,000, eclipsing Nat Cole's previous record of \$28,000.

With programming and artists handled by Norman Granz, the mammoth show erupted with a typical JATP blowing session. In the jam group were Buddy Rich, Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis, Roy Eldridge, Harry Edison, Flip Phillips, and Illinois Jacquet.

Art Tatum followed with a set of

Harass

New York — Bill Harris will make his first appearance as a guitarist shortly, in an album of unaccompanied guitar solos for an LP on EmArcy.

The news will come as a complete surprise to Bill Harris, trombonist with the Herman Herd, however, for this Harris is no relation. He's the guitar accompanist from the Clovers, hails from Washington, D. C., and is a protege of well-known r&b guitarist Mickey Baker.

They say he's the greatest Bill Harris since Bill Harris.

'Biggest In-Person Show' To Start In East In Fall

New York—A new concert package entitled "The Biggest In-Person Show of 1956" will play three preliminary dates in the east Sept. 28-30 with Bill Haley and the Comets, Buddy Johnson's big band, the Platters, the Teenagers, and Clyde McPhatter.

A tour will follow, starting Oct. 11, covering the east, midwest, and far west, winding up in Texas in early December.

four numbers, closing with a brilliant *Humoresque* which elicited a gratifying wave of applause.

Ella's magnificent set of 12 tunes, from a tender *Angel Eyes* to a wild *Air Mail Special*, though overlong program wise and, being largely pop material, not strictly in keeping with a jazz concert, captivated the hillside throng. This woman can do what she likes with a crowd at any time, any place.

After intermission, came the Oscar Peterson trio, whose set included two numbers from their current Clef album of Basie tunes. The trio served as an oddly contrasting appetizer to the evening's main dish—Louis Armstrong.

As well as being top act on the bill, Louis scored the surprise of the evening. After his mediocre playing at the Pasadena Civic last February, when local trumpeter Teddy Buckner outblew the master, his ideas and command of the horn this night were a complete gas. His chorus on *Bucket's Got a Hole In It* was truly great Satch.

Trummy Young's reckless blowing was further sad evidence of his deterioration as a jazz soloist. This fine instrumentalist of the Lunceford days has become crude and almost vulgar in his playing. At times he did his best to sound like a buzz saw, not seeming to care about conception or musical good taste.

The show's logical denouement should have been the Louis-Ella combination which culminated in a fast and exciting *Undecided*. But programming be damned, Satch kept on playing, with a result less appreciated than anti-climatic.

As midnight approached to an extended *When the Saints Go Marching In*, most of the already happily sated audience threw in the towel and marched out.

—tyran

Whittle Trip Whittled Out

New York—British tenor sax star Tommy Whittle, who subbed for a few days with Stan Kenton during the European Kenton tour, has had to postpone his trip to America until he can come as an extra attraction, probably with a British band.

He was to have worked a few weeks with Lionel Hampton, in exchange for which the British musicians' union agreed to let Sidney Bechet play some dates in England, but because Hampton was booked for clubs and the AFM permission was for concert dates only, Whittle and Hamp had to call off the collaboration.

Vic Lewis and his orchestra are the likeliest candidate at present for a U. S. jaunt in exchange for the Hampton band's British tour next month. Johnny Dankworth is still expected here within the next few months, possibly in exchange for Duke Ellington.

Granz Signs Kid Ory For Down Home Discs

Hollywood — Veteran New Orleans trombone man Kid Ory has signed a term contract with Norman Granz' Down Home Records. Ory's pact with Lester Koenig's Good Time Jazz label expires the first week in December at which time, according to Granz, recording for Down Home will commence. Koenig, however, reportedly has sufficient backlog of Ory tapes in the can to sustain new releases by the trombone man for some time.

Granz told *Down Beat* he taped the entire jazz concert at the Hollywood Bowl Aug. 15 and, with the exception of the Louis Armstrong portion, will release it on his other labels.

Maxine To Record Tribute To Razaf

New York—A musical tribute to ailing songwriter Andy Razaf was arranged here recently when Maxine Sullivan, who made a successful LP debut on Period, was set to record the first all-Razaf LP.

Since suffering a stroke in 1950 in New York, the veteran lyricist has been paralyzed from the waist down and has been living quietly in Los Angeles in semiretirement. Maxine's tribute will feature his *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, and other standards written in collaboration with Fats Waller, as well as the little-known vocal versions of such swing era standards as *Stompin' at the Savoy* and *Christopher Columbus*.

She will be backed, as before, by a small Kirby-type group under the direction of Charlie Shavers. The sides will be recorded for release on binaural tape as well as on 12" LP.

L.A. Anti-Petrillo Unit Sues On 5th Amendment Firings

Hollywood—AFM Local 47's pro- and anti-Petrillo groups split on another issue as the local union's board of directors filed a test case against Universal-International studio. The suit challenges the studio's right to fire a staff musician who took refuge in the Fifth

Amendment at the U. S. house un-American activities committee's investigation here some months ago.

The suit, backed by the union, was filed in the name of Manuel Compinsky, one of three musicians dropped by the studio for the same reason.

A spokesman for the union said:

"We are 100 percent opposed to communism, but we feel the musicians were fired without being given specific reasons, and we owe it to all of our contract musicians to defend their rights."

The board's action was opposed by John te Groen, president; Bob Hennon, financial secretary, and Maury Paul, recording secretary. They either support AFM President James C. Petrillo or have refused to take part in the local union's "revolt" against the AFM head.

A spokesman for their side said, "We opposed the board's move for two reasons—first, because we feel it is up to the individual musicians in these things to look out for themselves, and second, because the film studios are under the jurisdiction of the federation, not Local 47. Therefore, it is not within the province of Local 47 to take any part in this matter."

PIV Records Issues Dance Band Section

Hollywood—With the aim of "bringing back the big bands," a new independent firm, PIV Records, has released its first two sides in a series featuring the different sections of a dance band.

The first disc is a five-trombone and vocal effort featuring the voice of newcomer Jan Winters. The tunes are *So Naive* and *When You're with the One You Love*.

Arrangements and direction are by Ed Roemheld. The five trombone men were Dick Nash, Gene Norton, Jimmy Henderson, Bernard Miller, and Ed Anderson.

The name PIV is the name of the parent music publishing company, VIP, spelled backwards.

Powell Goes To RCA; Seeks NY Work Card

New York — Bud Powell, associated with Norma Granz' record labels for the last few years, has signed with RCA Victor. He will record for the label's Birdland series, cutting his first session shortly with a trio.

An appeal was filed here in mid-August against a recent refusal to grant Powell a New York night club working card. The denial of the card threatened to jeopardize his six-week booking at the Bohemia.

Hamilton's Manager Lends Aid On Taxes

New York—Should an agent pay commissions to his artist?

Maybe it's not the customary procedure, but this unique situation will arise next week when Bill Cook opens at the Apollo theater in the first of a series of road appearances.

Cook, a former disc jockey, was best known in the last couple of years as manager of singer Roy Hamilton, who recently retired from show business and took up a career as a painter after his doctors advised him to retire.

Because Hamilton was left with a large tax debt to the government on his show business earnings, Cook has volunteered to give 10 percent of his salary as a theater emcee to Hamilton.

Jamal Exits, In Jam With N.Y., Chi Locals

New York—Pianist Ahmad Jamal is in trouble with two locals, 802 here and 208 in Chicago, after mysteriously walking out on his job at the Embers during his opening night opposite George Shearing.

Declaring he was "fed up with music" and didn't want to play any more, Jamal walked off the bandstand and left the next day for Chicago. His longtime guitarist Ray Crawford, left stranded, decided to stay here and put in his 802 card, while bassist Israel Crosby returned to Chicago.

John Levy, who manages both Shearing and Jamal, said that Jamal's decision was unexpected and that dates in Canada and California had to be canceled.

Doris Duke's Protege, Castro, Set At Embers

New York—Joe Castro, pianist protégé of millionairess-jazz fan Doris Duke, will replace Jutta Hipp when the German star ends her six-month run at the Hickory House on Sept. 16. He has an eight-week deal with an option for five more weeks.

Meanwhile, Miss Duke reportedly is "taking under advisement" an offer to make her own keyboard debut. Long an Embers habitue, she has thrown many parties in her home for name jazzmen and has learned to play modern jazz piano in the process.

The Embers has offered her a gig at scale, suggesting that her salary be paid to a worthy charity.

perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

VICTOR FELDMAN, who has been called by the British music press the best jazz musician England has produced, has been in the United States for almost nine months now.



Since the first of the year he has been playing vibes with Woody Herman — for the first seven months as part of the 1956 model of the Third Herd and now with the smaller, or "Jackpot" edition, which is playing Nevada gambling casinos. With the latter, Feldman not only is featured on vibes, but also is the group's drummer.

Feldman is only 22—the boy wonder of British jazz. He was featured for several years during the war, when he was only 9 or so, at the Feldman Swing club on Oxford St. in London, the first real haven for jazz-conscious GIs where the Sunday sessions were just about the only jazz in that great city for a while.

WHEN GLENN MILLER took his USAAF band to England, Feldman heard it at the Palladium (Ray McKinley was his first big influence) and even sat in for a set with the small group from that band.

At that time, Miller expressed a desire to bring Feldman to the United States, but that plan, as well as a later one Feldman had to come over as a musician on the Cunard line, did not materialize. Finally Feldman decided to make the move on his own, and it has been a tremendous experience, he says.

"There are many good musicians in England, and I can always learn plenty there, but I wanted to hear the authentic thing in the authentic jazz atmosphere.

"And I have learned a lot. One of the biggest things is about time—I've learned a lot about time. One of the best experiences of working with Woody has been to learn how important swinging is. English big bands tend to get heavy, but in Woody's last band we used to swing very much. British drummers get a tight beat, but here, a drummer will get in the groove on the right part of the beat—it's difficult to explain in words.

"THE NEAL HEFTI band, for instance, was one of the most wonderful things I heard in New York. It impressed me very much when I heard them. Neal had just formed that band, and it was very impressive to me to see a bunch of musicians get together in a big band and play so much together and with good time. They got such a unity of feeling. I nearly fell off the chair it was swinging so much.

"It's also been a wonderful thing to see older people interested in jazz. I've seen that around the country with Woody. In England the older people usually follow the tea dance musicians.

"Another thing that has impressed me is that musicians in small towns

(Ed. Note: The following report on jazz in Italy was written for Down Beat by Arrigo Polillo, one of Italy's leading jazz critics, an editor of the monthly, Musica Jazz. He is a lawyer by profession.)

JAZZ HAD a real boom in Italy this year, and I really hope that next year things will be definitely satisfactory.

First of all we had many concerts. We were visited by Armstrong, by Chet Baker, Mulligan's sextet, Stan Kenton and Hampton, which is much for Italy. Louis had the biggest success, of course, but only with unhip audiences. The big event for the jazz people was Mulligan, who scored a triumph all over Italy. Kenton too was awfully well received, but he could play only in Milano. Hampton staged the usual circus which is doing a lot of harm to jazz in Europe.

We had a lot of concerts with Italian musicians, the best of which were held in San Remo (one of the swankiest places in the Riviera) during a two-day jazz festival we staged there.

I am sure that no jazz doing has received as much publicity as that festival, and that was largely due to the presence of Benito Mussolini's son, who was convinced for the first time in his life to play piano in public. I know that

and guys you never heard of, play so good. Lots of them have a great deal of talent, and even if some don't play so much, they have the feeling. I definitely have found it a natural thing here . . . an American art. American musicians have such a good natural start.

"I ALWAYS WANT to tell people there are good musicians in England besides Ted Heath. Guys like Dizzy Reece, a Jamaican trumpeter, Jimmy Deuchar, Ronnie Scott, Derek Humble, Lenny Bush . . . I can name quite a few."

Among Feldman's biggest musical thrills in this country has been the Modern Jazz Quartet ("Milt is the best"); the Duke Ellington band ("that band and Dizzy have done so much"), and Count Basie.

The racial question has been a shock to Feldman, as it is to musicians from the northern part of the United States when they first travel south.

During the course of his tour with Herman, Feldman has played throughout the east and south and in Chicago and New York. He has also broadcast coast-to-coast over Monitor with the Herman band and has recorded with them—several ballads at a session in New York, plus a blues album this summer in Chicago ("on one side I play tambourine!"). None of these records has been released yet, however.

AS LEADER OF HIS own group, Feldman has recorded an LP for Keynote which is due out this fall. Hank Jones, Joe Morello, Bill Crow, and, on some sides, Kenny Clarke make up the group.

Contemporary is scheduled to release an LP of sides made in England by Feldman's big band. This also is due out shortly.

Feldman, then, is another example of the growing internationalism of jazz.

A Letter From Italy

after that, he has received a lot of offers (also from American bookers) but he turned down everything. The result was some 60 articles in the Italian newspapers and long features in every weekly in the land.

Now the festival will be an annual doing, and next year we'll do things in a bigger way because we'll have more money. I just hope that some American band will be around in Europe those days because I won't have an attraction of the caliber of young Mussolini!

Just a couple of days ago jazz had another nappy day because for the first time a jazz fan (his name is Ettore Balli) won the biggest prize (5,000,000 lire) on a television quiz program. It's practically identical to the \$64,000 Dollar Question, but the Italian counterpart is, I think, much more popular than the American one.

As a matter of fact that, TV broadcast is a real craze in Italy. Balli's victory meant hundreds of full pages in all the Italian newspapers. You might be interested in knowing some of the questions he had to answer, especially because Balli chose modern jazz as his field and because the Italian telequiz is more difficult than the American ones.

Among other questions were these:

● On one Norman Granz record, one band (personnel) features a contrabassoon. What is the name of the record? (Answer: *The Bloos* by Handy.)

● Who wrote *Toccata for Trumpet and Orchestra*? (John Lewis.)

● Who were the first Four Brothers? (Sims, Steward, Getz, Chaloff.)

● Who plays on *Rebecca*? (Konitz and Bauer.)

Then he had to recognize Jon Eardley, Bob Brookmeyer, Gerry Mulligan, and Zoot Sims in *Bernie's Tune*; recognize Dexter Gordon and Wardell Gray on *The Chase*, and tell the name of the tune—*High Society*—that inspired the musicians, and so on.

As you can see it's not easy to get to the top. Before him, two guys failed to make it. One was stopped by a tough question about Fats Waller's *London Suite* (he had to name all six parts of it), and another one failed to recognize Larry Shields in a bit of a record by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band.

I tell you all this, because all this fuss about jazz is having, as we expected, a lot of consequences. That broadcast is watched at least by 15,000,000 persons, and more read about it in the papers. I don't think that George Handy, whose *Bloos* decided the future of Balli, had such tremendous publicity in his lifetime!

As for Italian jazz, it's still improving, and we have at last a night club in Milano which features only modern jazz. Big names in Italian jazz are now Oscar Valdambri, trumpet; Gianni Basso, tenor, and Franco Cerri, guitar. Cerri is probably the best guitarist in Europe by now. I never have heard one of his standard on the continent, except Django, of course.

As a result of this about jazz, the two biggest daily newspapers in Italy—*Il Corriere della Sera* and *Il Giorno*—now feature weekly columns on jazz.

—arrigo polillo

Little Jazz

By Nat Hentoff

ROY DAVID ELDRIDGE, a man who has strongly influenced the course of jazz trumpet, is 45. If, as some critics believe, a jazzman's powers decline after he waves at his 40th year, Roy is a driving exception to prove that the rule may not be a rule at all.

On records, during his Jazz at the Philharmonic appearances, and at clubs, Roy has achieved in the last several years a mature consistency and sustained excitement in his playing that marks this period as the most fully creative in his career.

During a recent afternoon of reflection and reminiscing, Roy began by considering this half-decade of harvest:

"It seems to me that in the last four and five years I've been more interested and trying more to make something happen. I spend more time with my horn than I did. One thing was the time I spent in Europe. I went over with Benny Goodman in 1950 and stayed in Paris until April, 1951. I had a chance to think there, to listen to what other people were doing, and to decide what I wanted to do.

"I even had time to do a little painting and to begin my autobiography. I had a feature column in the *Post*, too, on jazz in Europe, and I remember my first assignment was *Is Bop Dead?*

"I had to go away and think. Things were getting so turned around in music. I couldn't figure out which way to go. I listened to all the records, but I'd always go back to Hawkins, Carter, Tatum, Teddy Wilson, etc., because they seemed to be playing more originally, and they seemed to be playing more music all the time than the others. They didn't get so set, so involved with stock things."

The Modernists: "With a lot of modernists, it was often a matter of you had to know the first chorus. What I mean is that I listen to all the records, and they rub off on you, and sometimes I'd get with a younger group and to keep peace, I had to play a few of the riffs from the opening chorus, and they thought I was wailing because I knew those riffs. They had their set things you had to play to be considered modern.

"There was also the matter of trumpet tone. That was my main problem. I liked a lot of the music they played, but I couldn't get with the sounds, and I mean the sounds on all the instruments. The first thing on an instrument, even a violin, is to get a sound, it seems to me.

"Maybe the sound some of the younger musicians get goes with the style because they're playing very fast. Some of them may find it hard to play so fast, and they may feel it's easier to slip over the horn like that—fast rather than really blowing your horn."

Trumpeters: "As for specific younger trumpeters, well, about Chet Baker, I can't say anything because he's No. 1 in the polls. What can I say? He must be all right. People like him. Well, I guess I will have to commit myself anyway. I don't dig that type of trumpet player. It's too mild or something. It's like in classical music—it's important to have dynamics; the same thing is true of jazz. Baker plays right in a straight line, no ups and downs, soft or loud. I don't think it should be like that. A lot of modern horns, even saxophones, are like that.

"I always did like Howard McGhee. And Thad Jones. Thad gets a nice, clear sound and has some warmth in his tone. He doesn't get that dead, straight tone. Clifford Brown I just liked—period. The way he blew his horn! As good as he was, he was going to be better.

"And you know I like Dizzy. I don't know, however, whether you'd count him in the modern school. I guess you do, but to me he's just playing music. Reason I don't consider him one of them modern style of trumpeters is because he blows full and gets a sound out of his horn. Rivalry between us? There never was none of that, so far as I know anything about."

Playing with JATP: "Night after night on a stage like that is really difficult because more or less you have to play to the people. That isn't what Norman Granz tells us to do. He doesn't tell us how to play at all, and that's why I like working for him. But if you want to get those hands, you play to the people.



"Let me give you an example. Say I'm closing a tune. There are certain little things all musicians make that will get to the people. They're not great musically, but they get to the public. Well, I get in between to do one of those things and to do what I really have in mind, and sometimes I wind up doing nothing.

"Sometimes you get more of a musical crowd, and then you can stretch. Same thing happens in a club. If there's a musical crowd, you can play what you want to and break through. I can really tell when I play a ballad whether a crowd is musical because nonmusical crowds don't dig ballads. Another sign is when I do what I call the strollers—just bass and drums with me playing soft and often with a mute. If it's a musical crowd, they'll go along with it."

"One thing about JATP is that our choruses never get set, because some night you can feel better than another night. That's what I like about it.

Roots: "I think a musician who is a musician ought to be able to play anywhere and shouldn't be limited to one style. Something's wrong if he is. I play Dixieland at the Central Plaza, but if some of the modernists had to play Dixieland, they couldn't do it. And we recently did an album for Norman that was sort of a swing Dixieland session. We had a good date with a nice feeling. There were Eddie Barefield, Jo Jones, Dick Wellstood, Benny Morton, and Walter Page. We made tunes like *Jazz Me Blues* and *Tin Roof Blues*, and we enjoyed it. So when it's good Dixieland, I like it.

"It can be bad, too. Funniest I ever heard it was when Gene Krupa and I went into a club in Stuttgart, Germany, and the Dixieland band there sounded as if they had just picked up their horns a couple of weeks before. But there was a nice little modern band in the same club.

"As for revivalist bands, I heard one, and that gets back a little too far. I've been playing for 1,000 years, but that's about 1,000 years before me."

Beginnings: "Back in the '20s, the men who were wailing were Louis, Oliver, Jabbo Smith, and Cuban Bennett. And guys like Bobby Stark and Rex Stewart were playing a lot. You never heard of Bennett? He was around New York in the '20s. Bennett was one of the first cats I ever heard play the right changes. I knew about him because although we didn't have any magazines in those days, you'd hear about things. You could be in California, but you'd know whether a cat in New York could play.

"Cuban Bennett was Benny Carter's first cousin. He was really making his changes way back in those days. You could call him one of the first of the moderns. He mostly gigged around. He wouldn't hold a steady job. He drank a lot. And he never made any records.

"He was a great trumpet player. He played more like a saxophone did. You see, the saxophones then, or some of them, would run changes, would run through all the passing chords and things, and then do a little turn around. Like they might play six bars, and in the seventh would start

going into the release and then the eighth would be all set up for the second eight.

"The men who influenced me the most at the beginning were Rex Stewart and Red Nichols on trumpet. And also Coleman Hawkins and Benny Carter. They played so much music, Hawkins and Carter, that how could you help not like them if you like music. They have distinctive sounds, a voice of their own, and they don't need any tricks. My brother, Joe, helped me out a lot, too. He was three years older, and he showed me changes and how to read. Joe is dead now; he died 10 days before I left for Europe.

"Talking about saxophone influence, the first good job I had I got from being able to play Coleman Hawkins' solo on Fletcher Henderson's record of *Stampe*. I had a little band when I was a kid, and we played that number. There was a traveling show in town, and they had a session one night. Our little band played. We had copied Fletcher's arrangement off the record, and I played that tenor chorus on my trumpet. They'd never heard a trumpet play like that before. So they asked me to join the show, and I did.

"That carnival had a 32-piece brass band, but before the trip was over, I wound up playing drums. I couldn't read a note as big as this building. Also I'd never played outdoors before, and you couldn't hear me in that band. I had the kind of sound that would be right in style now. Well, they had made up an arrangement of *Stampe* for me, with me playing the Hawkins solo, but I had my troubles. You see, the first trumpet player sometimes would purposely stay out so that I'd have to play the first trumpet part. I got away with it for awhile because if he hummed it, I could play it. But one day, he didn't hum it, and it caught up with me. What kept me in the show was that I switched to drums.

"The drummer had left, and we were playing in Aurora, Ill. Guys from Chicago were coming out every day to audition. I knew the drum part by heart so I told them to rent some drums, and that's how I stayed with that show."

Red, Rex, Louis: "Red Nichols was an influence on me. I liked the nice, clean sound he was getting for a trumpet in those days.

"I was doing all right playing in that style until I got to St. Louis once. Every Sunday five trumpet players came down and tore me apart. I was about 16, and I was playing smooth. They played with a guttural kind of sound. They were more or less on a Louis Armstrong kick, the way Louis used to play, but more guttural. I was playing what could be called cool then, and I wasn't familiar with that other style. I couldn't understand how they got around to playing like that—the lip vibrato, trills, etc.

"My first major influence was Rex Stewart. I liked his speed, range, and power. He was a bad boy in those days, and he was the guy I was trying to pattern myself after. He used to play in my brother Joe's band. They came to New York, worked at the Renaissance for some time, and then they came to Pittsburgh, and they stayed at our house. I was around 10 or 11 then.

The band, the Elite Serenaders, would practice in our house all the time. Rex was the first trumpeter to show me breaks.

Lessons By Jabbo and Louis: Around 1929, I was with Speed Webb's band with my cousin Reunald Jones, Teddy Wilson, and Vic Dickenson. Then I went to join a band in Milwaukee. That was where Jabbo Smith caught me one night and turned me every way but loose. I was young in those days, and I guess I was modern then.

"One night Jabbo asked for my horn. He played *Confessin'*. It was like Louis, I guess. At the time I hadn't heard Louis in person. So I thought he wasn't playing anything much, and asked for my horn back. He said to meet him at Rails an hour later.

"The joint was loaded with performers and musicians, and they tried to make a contest of it. 'It wouldn't be a contest,' said Jabbo. 'Don't nobody know this boy.' That got me mad, but he wore me out before that night was through. He knew a lot of music, and he knew changes.

"I didn't get to hear Louis in person until 1932. The first time I heard any records by him was in 1927, I think. It was through Matty Matlock in Omaha, Nebr. I was in a traveling show, and I met him in a music store in town. He was with a band from Chicago working at a hotel there. He brought some of the records to our house, and I can remember *Wild Man Blues*, *Gully Low*, etc. I can still play *Wild Man Blues*. In fact, I recorded it in France with the pianist Claude Bolling along with *Skip the Gutter* and *Fireworks*. They were issued here on Dial.

"But Louis wasn't an influence on me until I saw him in person. Jabbo didn't have Louis' sound, but he was faster than Louis. But Louis gave me something I couldn't get off Jabbo—continuity, which makes all the sense. Louis introduces the piece and sticks around the melody, but when he has it out, you know it's out, and you know he's going to finish a whole.

"In 1932, I first caught Louis at the Lafayette theater in New York, and he finally upset me. I was a young cat, and I was very fast, but I wasn't telling no kind of story. Some of the young kids are missing that continuity. Well, I sat through the first show, and I didn't think Louis was so extraordinary. But in the second show, he played *Chinatown*. He started out like a new book, building and building, and finally reaching a full climax, ending on his high F. The rhythm was rocking, and he had that sound going along with it. Everybody was standing up, including me. He was building the thing all the time instead of just playing in a straight line.

"I've been digging him ever since. I began buying his records, and I let him alone. I got to know him pretty well. I played opposite him once at the Metropolitan Opera House concert, but the producer didn't let me do the thing I wanted to do that night. No, we've never played together at any after-hours sessions. What do I think of his statements on modern jazz? Well, to each his own."

Records: "As a rule, I can't listen to my records but once because then

it tears me up. But the ones I've been doing lately, I can stand to listen to them. And I think I did real nice on *Rockin' Chair* with Gene. To tell you the truth, I was feeling pretty good that night, so when I finally came to hear it, it was the biggest surprise except for the ending. I was having breakfast with Ben Webster one morning when he played the record. 'Who is that, I asked—Louis?' when I heard the introduction. Then I caught my sound, and it really knocked me out. Another record of mine I liked, but nobody's ever played it, is *The Walls Keep Talking* with Anita O'Day and Gene's band."

Expression: "I never can say all I want to say. For one thing, it takes me a long time to get warmed up. But there are good nights sometimes, like the week I played in Boston recently with Anita O'Day.

"And I remember around 1948-49, I went into a joint in Chicago for one night. It was a strictly modern place, and I went into training for the job, practicing six to seven hours a day for a whole week just to play one night. This was when the modern scene was at its height, and I was a foreigner in that club. I had good drums and bass, and I blew that night! Wow! I didn't play anything I'd practiced. I just played.

"It only happens about four or five times a year—four tops. I mean when you break through and everything you want to make, you make. It's hard to get the right feeling, but sometimes it hits you. And then, it feels while you're playing like there's something back of you. You don't actually hear it, but you feel it, and it's all knitted together, and it all jells. It's like standing and playing under a mountain by yourself.

"In the early '40s I used to have the band at Kelly's Stables with Kenny Clarke, Ted Sturgess, Kenny Kersey, and John Collins. Charlie Christian and Jimmy Blanton used to stop by and sit in, and one night they swung so much I felt so good I had to stop playing.

"That happened to me on a record date, too, with Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, and Jo Jones. It happens so seldom it gets me, and I have to stop. Like on *Dale's Wail* with Oscar on organ, if I hadn't got so filled up that I had to stop, my first chorus would have been the best one, but I just couldn't go no farther.

"I'll tell you what I like in a rhythm section. You need a drummer like Jo Jones that thinks when you think. A soloist doesn't have to create ideas around what the rhythm section is playing. They should follow you, and let you free. And as for bombs, they don't belong with my kind of playing."

"I'm straight as long as I have a good drummer and bass player. Men like Gene, Buddy Rich, Alvin Stoller, and Max Roach. I played with Max on a *Metronome* all-star date, and he killed me. Kenny Clarke, too. Cats like them—when they play with guys like I play—can play for us if they want to. I also liked especially playing with Sam Woodward, Duke's drummer. I worked with him when he was with Milt Buckner. And as for bass players,

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Art Pepper . . .

. . . Tells Tragic Role Narcotics Played In Blighting His Career And Life

By John Tynan

"AT THE END of 1954 I was using 40 caps of heroin a day..."

This is not a random quotation from some detective thriller, nor is it to be found in the text or script of *The Man with the Golden Arm*. These tragic words were spoken by altoist Art Pepper in an exclusive interview conducted July 20, 1956, in the Hollywood offices of *Down Beat* a few weeks after Pepper was released from the federal penitentiary on Terminal Island, Calif. He had just finished serving a term there for his second conviction on narcotics charges within three years.

There is ugliness in the story that follows, as there necessarily is in any frank discussion of narcotics addiction. But there's courage here, too, and a high mindedness of purpose on Art Pepper's part. For expressly to help others, this is his story, in his own words, of how he became addicted; what dope did to him; what he lives and hopes for today in his fight to kick the habit forever. Overriding all else is an obtrusive dissonance, a general tragedy that is not exclusively Pepper's but haunts the lives of all who seek to conquer reality through the jab of a dope charged needle.

The entire interview was taped by local jazz disc jockey, Don Clark, who also participated in the questioning. The truth, unfolded softly, often slowly by Art, now becomes public domain with his permission.

* * *

John Tynan: Art, who introduced you to the use of narcotics?

Art Pepper: Well, it was just friends. JT: Musicians?

AP: Yes.

JT: Here or on the road?

AP: On the road. I think possibly if I had been here . . . Well, maybe it would probably have happened anyway. I think I had to go through it first.

Don Clark: Are there pushers in the music business that you know of?

AP: No. Outside the business—outside, definitely. There are none in the music business.

JT: No matter how badly a musician may get hooked, you've never seen any who would push dope?

AP: No. Absolutely not. As a matter of fact, you'll find that any musicians who're users still won't do it, even if they see turning another person on will help them personally, because they have enough respect for the other person's life. They won't do it unless the other person himself asks them. But I've never seen any musician go out and collect a recruit or something.

JT: Art, did you mess around with marijuana before you used heroin?

AP: Oh, I went through the whole routine. I started drinking at a very early age, maybe when I was about

15, getting drunk and so on. Then pills. I started smoking pot (marijuana) but found that I wasn't able to manipulate. It was too difficult, too much of a strain. I didn't have control of myself. I'd go on the stand in a night club and feel I wasn't able to do what I wanted with my horn.

JT: How old were you then?

AP: In my late teens or early 20s. Then I saw that I couldn't go on, that I couldn't continue that way. I had to abstain completely from the use of any type of stimulant or else go onto something that would be more desirable.

JT: Can you recall the circumstances of the first time you used heroin?

AP: Oh, yes. It's just as if it happened yesterday.

JT: Would you describe it?

AP: I'd been on the road for quite some time, away from my wife. Being as unstable emotionally and as immature as I was at that time, I couldn't stand the thought of being away from her. I needed a woman. I had like a mother complex, and I was always searching for something that wasn't there. So this particular night we played a concert and I went up to the bar in the hotel afterwards. The bar closed at 4 o'clock in the morning. I went up to the room and these people were there. I was just in one of those, uh, moods.

And I felt a strong desire then and there to leave the band and go home. I guess I was pretty down. I saw that there was this thing going on up there in the room and I realized that as weak as I was, I should never try it once because I knew what it would lead to. But just in one of those moments it was offered and I accepted. When I made it, it seemed at the time to be an answer to all the problems.

DC: Did you think about making heroin before that night?

AP: Oh, yes, yes. I had it offered to me for several years prior to that. But I knew, I knew inside of myself that if I ever once gave in to it, that it would be fatal, so I just kept from it. If I had been stronger, a little more stable, I maybe would have been able to withstand the temptation altogether, which I wish I'd done.

JT: After that night in the room when you first took heroin, when was the next time?

AP: Well, I started horning it at first. I didn't shoot it. In other words, I sniffed it through my nose. At first it was all right. I could make it just whenever I would run into it. If somebody would have some, I'd make it and I was all right. Maybe next day I'd feel a little funny, but I was still juicing and everything and felt fine. But then, just little by little, it got more and more—and I got to the point where my nose would bleed constantly and my stomach was getting upset



from swallowing the mucus. . . I realized I just couldn't make it to horn it anymore, so I fixed and that was it.

The minute that I fixed—from that moment on it was just an every-minute thing. My whole life was just stopped. Everything that I'd ever wanted, everything that I'd loved was destroyed. . . You become selfish, you care for no one but yourself. You're scared of everyone, of everything. You don't trust anyone. You can't possibly enjoy any type of an emotional or intellectual scene at all because your mind is so completely taken up by the fear and pressure that you're under.

Being hooked on junk becomes a way of life. You exist for it and it alone. Nothing else matters because it gives you a purpose in living. And that purpose is to get more junk. You haven't got a true, honest thought in your head. And as far as creating anything, it's impossible. There's no creation at all.

JT: Besides heroin, what else did you shoot?

AP: Everything. Even pills. But shooting pills has a very bad effect on you. JT: Art, when was the last time you worked steadily?

AP: That was in November, 1954, at Jazz City. I was guest instrumentalist with the Barney Kessel quartet.

I'd come on and do just about 15 minutes.

DC: When did you get arrested the first time?

AP: 1953, in Hollywood.

DC: How long were you in that time?

AP: I did 15 months. A little time in the county jail, then I went to Fort Worth. That's a public health service hospital.

DC: Was it a gradual withdrawal?

AP: No, just a cold turkey. You got arrested and just thrown into the county jail to sleep on the floor and sweat it out.

DC: Was there any treatment there? Did anybody talk to you about treatment or about anything that could help you?

AP: At Fort Worth, yes. But outside of Fort Worth there's no treatment.

DC: What did you do when you got out?

AP: Well, I got out in May of '54 and felt I had things pretty well under control. But during this time my wife sent me a divorce and had remarried just before I got out. I think I used that as an excuse to go on heroin again. I still hadn't gone through enough agony...

JT: When were you arrested the second time?

AP: Dec. 7, 1954. I spent nine months in the county jail, then about 10 months in the federal pen on Terminal Island for parole violation. Of course, this makes me a two-time loser. If I goof again and get busted, I can get 30 to 40 years in prison under terms of a new federal law... At the end of 1954 I was using 40 caps of heroin a day. I was really in terrible shape. Weighed 128 pounds and I wasn't able to do anything. I couldn't play at all. My blowing was—was just cold. There was no soul, no nothing in it. It was just something I was doing because I needed the money.

JT: If you were using 40 caps in a 24-hour day, how often did you have to take heroin?

AP: Well, I would fix maybe five or six caps every time. Actually, I could've been using maybe a hundred caps a day in another month if I had access to that much, because the demand just builds and builds. Using that much junk you're just the same as you are right now. You know, it's like getting on one of those little assembly line things that are moving. You get on it and you can't get off.

DC: Do you think that working in clubs was part of the cause for your falling into this?

AP: Yes. Yes, definitely. But with me there were other things, too. I got married at a very young age, when I was 17 years old, and in a way I was successful too quickly. Things were too easy and I think it was a little overwhelming to me. I started playing professionally and almost right away I went with a big name band and things were going fine. Then, in 1943, I was drafted into the army and I just couldn't understand why I should have to go. I wasn't old enough at 18 to accept the fact that I had to go. So it was a very hard thing for me to do. I started drinking quite a lot in the army. I guess I felt sorry for myself. I was very immature.

After 2½ years in service, when I came out, I wanted to be free in a way. You see, my wife had since had a child and the responsibilities were, I think, a little bit too much for me at that time. I resented my wife and child because I felt they were holding me back in my career. My wife could no longer travel on the road with me. Then I started going on the road again—and the road itself is such a difficult thing. One-niters with a big band, you know. Little by little I ran into these... "opportunities"—and through my own immaturity I, like, sought an escape.

The escape proved to be heroin. So, I'd make the heroin and it would satisfy all my frustrations from being away from my wife whom I really loved. (Long pause.) It seemed to be an answer at the time.

DC: Did you ask yourself at that time what the eventual outcome might be?

AP: Well, I just didn't want to admit it to myself. I just wouldn't look at it... I thought of what so many people had told me and I'd seen examples of guys who had been completely ruined by it. I guess I thought I could be one who could do it and still be all right. But I knew really deep down in my own heart that I couldn't possibly end up any other way than the others.

JT: You mentioned recently that for all the years you made good money you now have absolutely nothing to show for it, not even clothes...

AP: Nothing. I have an old blue suit that was given to me when I got out of the joint, the time before this, and a couple of pairs of slacks that were bought for me by a girl friend—and that's it.

DC: How long do you think it will take you before you know for certain that you've licked the problem?

AP: Oh, I figure possibly a year or two.

DC: Do you have any nagging thoughts about what it would be like to go back?

AP: No. I went through it so completely that there's no more wonderment or mystery about it. I know exactly what it is and what it leads to. There's no enjoyment in it at all. It's without enjoyment for me.

JT: How is your health now?

AP: Well, I'm very fortunate. My health is good, real good.

DC: You ready to start over again, right from scratch?

AP: I'm not worried about that. I figure that I love music, I have a definite feeling for it. I know that that's what I'm going to do, what I have to do. And if I don't make it, to become a really great success, uh, I'll be happy as long as I'm able to make it for myself and stay straight—because I'd rather stay straight and play music for my own amusement. I would be happy even doing that.

JT: What are you planning musically for the immediate future?

AP: To play as much as I can. I'll be making quite a few record dates for different labels here and I'd like to get a little group of my own. Meanwhile, I've been working with Jack Montrose. I really like his writing and he's a wonderful person to work with.

JT: What would you say to young musicians starting out today who might be entertaining ideas of taking junk for kicks, then staying away from it?

AP: If a young guy starts using junk, he'll never ever learn how to play a horn. I'm sure of that. It's impossible. There's no way he can do it because in a little while his whole life will be revolving around junk. He'll have no time to develop. He can go out every night and blow and it won't do him any good in the long run. Pretty soon his mind will begin to stagnate like all those who've used junk...

If many young musicians hadn't used junk, they would have really been wailing. The junk is just destroying the whole talent. It's just killing it. Nowadays I think of all the young cats that start using junk, and it completely destroys them so you never hear what they might have had to offer. Maybe some might have been the greatest musicians ever, yet no one will ever hear them, nothing will ever happen from them because they'll just destroy themselves.

And it can only lead to eventual suicide—if a person has the nerve—or life in the penitentiary, or getting shot during a holdup or something. It'll eventually come to that.

JT: Do you think there is any way to head off an individual who may be on the way to drug addiction, or must he solve his problem by himself?

(In answer to this particular query, Art Pepper felt that the extreme importance of the question required additional consideration by him so that he might give a clearer, more adequate reply. He submitted the following answer in writing:)

"I think it's up to the individual. It's like telling children not to do something—they'll do it every time until they finally decide that they themselves don't want to do it anymore. An addict is a sick person and should be treated as such. I think the work in the U.S.P.H.S. hospitals at Ft. Worth and Lexington is doing a great deal of good for those who sincerely want to stop and straighten themselves out. My doctor at Ft. Worth gave me some invaluable assistance which is now beginning to take effect.

"The percentage of addicts who have stopped is around 1 or 2 percent, which is far from a happy situation, but I think I have an explanation for this: The small percentage is a good excuse for not stopping—a person may say, 'Well, I guess I shouldn't feel so bad about not stopping because nobody else can either.' It's a warped justification for being weak.

"Actually, it's really not too difficult to stop if you've finally made up your mind to do it—of course, you've got to want more than anything else in the world. I lost a wife, whom I loved very deeply, a wonderful child, a home, etc., but it still wasn't enough to make me stop.

"It can't be for any one person or anything that you stop—it's got to be for *yourself*. It's only for yourself that you can quit, believe me—and with God's help I think I'm now well on the road to recovery and a full and reasonably happy and moderate life."

THIELEMANS ON RHYTHM

By Jean Thielemans

WHAT CAN A foreign jazz musician learn by coming to the U.S.? What can he acquire here that he could not acquire in his homeland by listening to the records of his favorite artists?

In other words what will he learn by working, living, discussing, traveling with American musicians?

This question is certainly important, and being a "foreigner" on the American jazz scene for the last four years or so, I have been encouraged to gather my thoughts on this subject.

At this point I can state that for the sole purpose of bettering his technique, the foreign jazz student does not really have to come to the States. If he is gifted and if he has enough desire to learn, he will be able to do so from the records. They are the best books, and he will be able to acquire control of the language of jazz. And as far as legitimate knowledge is concerned, there are good music schools all over the world. But, talking from personal experience, I doubt very much whether the foreign jazz student will be able to grasp only from the record all the meaning of the notes, the feeling behind them.

THAT IS ONE THING I have learned in the States. The other thing I learned is the importance of the *beat* in jazz music, and by comparison, the importance it has in *all* forms of music.

There certainly is a lot to learn from a good Charlie Parker record, and I wore out more than one in my native Belgium. But now that I look back at it, the record only taught me the notes, the language of Parker. It was only when I met Bird in Sweden, played with him and listened to him talk about his music and his people, that I felt I grasped some of the meaning of the notes and the feeling behind them.

Since then, I have come to this country, and I am fortunate enough to have worked with the George Shearing quintet for about three years. Besides the musical experience, it was certainly a valuable social experience to work, live, and travel with a racially mixed organization.

I played in many sessions, a few good ones, many bad ones and met in person most of my favorite jazz artists. In one word, I "participated," and I can say that as a result, I have developed a more basic, a more physical reaction to music, whether I play or listen.

TO TAKE A concrete example, before coming to this country in 1951, I certainly was familiar with the music of Count Basie and Erroll Garner. My response to their music is now, however, much more of a physical nature, and I find myself having a ball just tapping my foot.

I still realize that harmonically and melodically this music is relatively simple. To put it another way, my intellectual appetite is not satisfied. But four years ago, the awareness of this simplicity was somehow an obstacle to my enjoyment. In other words, simple swing did not affect me as physically as it does now.

I may have had a tendency to listen for notes and chord changes from a technical point of view. This attitude is common to many young musicians. It's the attitude of "what can you teach me?"

Instrumental skill and knowledge still impress me. I still want and am trying to learn, but now, more than before, the true feeling—if any—behind a simple piece will reach me.

MY FIRST REAL contact with American jazz was a tour in Europe as a member of the Goodman small group in 1950 (Roy Eldridge, Zoot Sims, Dick Hyman, piano; Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Charlie Short, bass from England, and myself, guitar and harmonica.)

One afternoon, Roy asked, "Jean, have you ever played with a rhythm section that felt so good to you that you had to stop playing?"

I had to answer "No." Then Roy added that he could count the times it had happened to him.

This impressed me, and a few weeks later at a little session in Belgium with Chico Hamilton and pianist Jerry Wiggins (who were with Lena Horne) and Short on bass, I found out what Roy was talking about. I felt "it." I felt so transported that I could not play for half a chorus. Then the notes, the ideas came so easily.

After the session, I felt something had happened to me like the revelation of a new sensation. The music we had played was by no means outstanding; it just "felt so good." Since then, just as Roy, I can count the times I have experienced this thrill.

At two such sessions I was able to relax while "it" happened. I didn't try to play many notes and changes, and without thinking, I wound up playing better notes and chord changes than I can recall ever playing.

I WOULD NOT hesitate to generalize my own experience by saying that the best jazz is being played when musicians are not "thinking," when the environment and the rhythm "feel" so good the music becomes a *relaxed, spontaneous* ejaculation.

By comparing these outstanding sessions with the many others, I arrived at the conclusion that "rhythmical communion" is essential.

If you ask two musicians to respond to a record by snapping their fingers on the second and fourth beats, chances are that they will not be completely synchronized.

In fact, perfect synchronization, or rhythmical communion, is the exception. Which physiological factors may



be instrumental in creating these differences?

The two musicians receive the order to snap their fingers from the same neutral element: the record or the orchestra, or a simple metronome, for that matter.

The order may reach their brains at different times.

Their brains may issue the order to the fingers at different times. In other words, the two musicians may "feel" the beat at different times.

The order from the brain may take different times to reach and be executed by the fingers. (Any information or precisions on this subject by experts in physiology or psychology would be welcome.)

IT IS ONLY humanly logical to assume that these three factors are bound to be different with each individual, and we also may assume that the technical knowledge of music has very little influence on these factors.

If you ask Louis Armstrong and Lennie Tristano to snap their fingers to the same music, their disagreement—if any—cannot be attributed to their different harmonic conceptions.

If two musicians react differently to the same music, we may assume that they will not play together. And I invite skeptical musicians to test one another with the simple phrase of *Jumping with Symphony* Sid played at different tempos.

These differences in feeling the beat do not only affect jazz. I recently heard a recording of David Oistrakh playing Mendelssohn's *Concerto in E Minor for Violin* with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia orchestra, (Columbia LP-ML 5085).

There was a definite race in this record between the soloist and the orchestra with the soloist being ahead most of the time. I doubt whether any—
(Continued on Next Page)

Here's Bio Of Belgian Import

Jean (Toots) Thielemans, born in Brussels, Belgium, April 29, 1922, began playing harmonica at 17 while majoring in mathematics at college. In France with his family during World War II, Thielemans returned to Belgium in 1941, heard Django Reinhardt, and took up guitar.

Thielemans played at American GI clubs in 1944, visited the United States in 1947, played at the Paris Jazz festival in 1949, toured Europe with the Benny Goodman sextet in 1950, and emigrated to the U. S. in November, 1951. He has been with George Shearing on guitar and harmonica since early 1953, and has recorded his own album, *The Sound* (Columbia 12" LP CL 658). Thielemans is considered the first major modern jazz harmonica soloist.

Just Jazz

That's The Only Interest Music Holds For Bassist Bennett

"GOT NO EYES for studio work. All I want to do is play jazz."

Bassist Max Bennett, relaxing between sets during his recent stint with Stan Getz at Zardi's on Hollywood Boulevard, has no reservations in thus declaring himself. In an entertainment center like Los Angeles, where 99 percent of jazz musicians aim for the steady security of a studio job—in radio, television, or movies — this statement from one of the most talented of the newer crop of jazzmen is a novel twist.

"The way I see it," Max remarks, "a jazz musician has to play jazz all the time to really make it. It's as simple as that. But don't get me wrong. I'm a firm believer in 'legitimate' playing and training. It's essential to becoming

a really competent instrumentalist. That's where the fundamentals of technique are. It equips you for any kind of job, from a TV spectacular to a gig like this one with Stan."

IN HIS FIRST appearance on the coast since he returned from Europe, Getz' rhythm section comprised Lou Levy, piano, Gary Frommer, drums, and Bennett. Because other playing commitments had heretofore interfered, this was Max's first job with Stan Getz.

"Working with Stan is just a gas," he enthuses. "He has such great time, and plays a really interesting book. For instance, we do *Baubles, Bangles and Beads* all the time. That's a tune with great changes. And with Lou and Gary in the rhythm section, there's always something good happening."

In Max's book Lou Levy is the piano man. "Far as comping goes, I don't think he can be licked. Not only does he use basic changes with good taste but he'll fall into interesting patterns leading from one basic change to the next. Then, too, he's a stickler for tags. Like at the coda of *The Way You Look Tonight*, there's a four-bar tag before going into the melody again—Lou will always play that tag with variations. With Getz this really makes it, because Stan has such a great ear. He really digs Lou."

A DARK-HAIRED, slim Iowan, Max was born in Des Moines on May 24, 1928. His trace of accent betrays his early years in Kansas City and Osk-

tempo than in a fast tempo, and quite a few musicians and groups avoid or don't like to play certain tempos.

As a subject of study, I have been comparing musicians who have the same beat, and there is great similarity and affinity between them.

I found out also that nervous musicians have a tendency to play ahead of the relaxed musicians.

Technically, fast musicians sometimes play ahead of average good technicians. This is especially true of drummers and bass players.

A fast drummer or bassist rarely sets a "groove." The few exceptions only confirm this.



loosa. ("Crazy little town, that," he grins.) After his graduation from the University of Iowa music school ("They make you work there, man!") he worked with Herbie Fields in 1949, followed by stints with Charlie Ventura and Terry Gibbs.

"I guess I had the most kicks with Georgie Auld's small band in 1951," he reminisces. "We had Lou Levy, Tiny Kahn on drums—when he died, the greatest was gone—Frank Rosolino, who's still blowing fantastic 'bone, and, of course, swingin' Georgie. Mostly we just played heads and a lot of Tiny's great things, plus a few Basic numbers like *Taps Miller*. I'm tellin' you, that little group just balled. Funny thing," he chuckled, "the first place we worked was the Flame Room in St. Paul. When we'd been there a week, the joint burned down!"

Bennett garnered recognition during his hitch with the Kenton band in 1954-'55. "Stan had a crazy band on the road last year," he declares, "but we never got to record some of the best numbers, which mostly were Bill Holman's. Far as I'm concerned, the best thing that ever happened to Kenton's band was Holman. Bill wrote the background to Charlie Mariano's solo on *Stella By Starlight*; *Kingfish* is his, too; and a wonderful thing called *The Opening* (not *The Opener*, which he also did) which has never been recorded."

SINCE INKING his contract with Bethlehem Records, not long ago, Max now has on the shelves two albums of his own. The first (#1028) gained some notoriety in art circles by displaying zebras prancing all over the cover around a Shakespearean quotation; the second (BCP-48) is titled simply *Max Bennett*, and showcases his clean, swinging bass solos supplemented by Carl Fontana's notable trombone work.

With a grin, Max asides on life in Hollywood, "Of course, a bachelor like me has to cultivate other interests besides music. I mean my Jaguar, which is too much! And now I've got eyes for a Volkswagen, too. But that'll be just for shopping. You dig?"

—tynan

Thielemans

(From Preceding Page)

one felt good while playing. Whatever the neurological explanation may be, the fact remains that as a rule, two musicians do not feel and thus play a given beat together.

THE DIFFERENCE may be sometimes very small, but it nevertheless is sufficient to cause the gathering of these two musicians to be just enjoyable but certainly not of a euphoric nature.

The beat of a musician is almost a physical characteristic independent of his musical knowledge. You will find musicians with the same knowledge and different beats and vice-versa—same beats and different conceptions. Of course, the perfect match is when beat and knowledge are identical.

If we accept a definition of swing as being the sensation of the pulse emanating from the orchestra, it is obvious that the closer the rhythmic communion, the greater the swing.

Two musicians with the same beat can sometimes set a better "groove" than a 15-piece band where the musicians do not "feel" together. The strongest swing sensation I ever felt from two persons was from Martha Davis and spouse (piano and bass).

Some of small hill billy groups have a fantastic beat. They indisputably "swing" in their own way.

On the other hand, a small group with antagonizing beats is the Red Norvo trio, for instance. There is no doubt about Red's musicianship and that of the different bassists and guitarists he had, but there never was much beat communion and thus very little swing.

THESE DIFFERENCES in beat are obviously more perceptible in a medium

Down Beat

counterpoint

By Nat Hentoff

IN THE APRIL 18 *Counterpoint*, I quoted charges by Tom Scanlan of the *Army Times* to the effect that many jazzmen have been "stealing" tunes by



recording standards under new titles and calling them "originals." "Writing a slightly different melody," said Scanlan, "or a new riff to the chord progression of a standard and then improvising upon the standard and calling it your song is a steal, not an original composition."

As examples he cited *Gone with the Wind* being labeled *Windbag* and *I'll Remember April* being retitled *And She Remembers Me* as well as scores of other "originals," where although "the new titles have no reference to the actual songs played," underneath the new title is still a venerable standard. Scanlan concluded: "Although this kind of stealing is not illegal because of loose copyright laws, if I were a composer being gyped out of royalties in this fashion, I'd squawk. Wouldn't you?"

HERE IS A STRONG rebuttal from musician Art Roumanis that may set the debate going again. I'd welcome any further comments from readers, particularly jazzmen:

"The point raised," Roumanis begins, "has long needed open discussion because allegations of dishonesty to jazz musicians in such cases are not valid. Such allegations grow out of a basic misconception held by many people (including writers close to jazz) concerning the nature of jazz improvisation on the popular song form.

"This misconception stems from the assumption that improvisation on the popular song is primarily a form of embellishment. Leonard Bernstein clearly expressed this viewpoint on a recent *Omnibus* television program when he defined improvisation: "... you take a tune, keep it in mind with its harmony and all, and ... (improvise) by adding ornaments and figurations, or by making real old-fashioned variations just as Mozart and Beethoven did. ... The jazz musician does exactly the same thing." (From Leonard Bernstein's *The World of Jazz* script notes, *Vogue*, March 15, 1956.)

"SUCH A CONCEPTION leads naturally to the belief that the melody is an important factor in jazz improvisations on the popular song. This is not always so.

"Very often in jazz, the harmonic structure of the piece is the sole guide for improvisation. The melody is of little or no importance; it is not even kept in mind. Given the chord progressions for a popular song, a good jazzman can improvise at length without ever having heard or seen the melody.

"Improvisation of this type can hardly be considered an embellishment of

the melody; it is in reality the creation of a new melody. Here lies the basis of misunderstanding for many people outside the realm of jazz performance. When a jazzman disregards the melody, he no longer is improvising on a particular tune, but only on a set of harmonic progressions that accompany that tune—and its not the same thing.

"As vehicles for their improvisations, many jazzmen have written original melodies to harmonic progressions used in standard tunes. On behalf of the standard tune composers, Mr. Scanlan has condemned this practice as stealing and accused the jazzmen of dishonesty. (This is not to deny that jazzmen often employ embellishment-type improvisation on song melodies. Invariably in such cases, the composer credits are given, and no question of stealing is involved.)

"IF THE STANDARD'S melody is not played or improvised upon, that leaves only the harmony to be stolen. But you can't steal harmony. That's like trying to steal the major scale or the G 7th chord (or, in the literary field, like stealing syntax or paragraph structure).

"Composers of songs create original melodies and have a right to their protection. Although Mr. Scanlan speaks of jazzmen, 'writing a slightly different melody ... to the chord progression of a standard,' this rarely happens; if so, the composer is protected from a steal by the music copyright laws which are not 'extremely loose' in such a case.

"Composers of songs do not create harmonic progressions; they utilize them, even if in a unique way. No one man developed harmony, and no one has the right to copyright it.

"Anyone familiar with harmony can find myriad examples where different composers write original tunes using the same harmonic progressions. For example, for the front strain (first eight-bar phrase) of *Exactly Like You*, a certain harmonic progression is used. This same basic progression is used for the front strain of many other songs. Some of these are *I Found a Million Dollar Baby*, *Button Up Your Overcoat*, *Jersey Bounce*, *Peg O' My Heart*, *The One I Love*, *Darktown Strutters' Ball*, *Honey*, and *On the Alamo*.

"THE HARMONIC PROGRESSION in the release of *I've Got Rhythm* is used for the release in countless other tunes. Here are two: *Cherry* (in which the front strain progression is the same as in *I'm Getting Sentimental over You*) and *Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue* (in which the front strain progression is the same in the *Basin Street Blues* chorus).

"If that is not enough, how about the blues? Thousands of different compositions have been based on the same, exact harmonic sequence found in the traditional blues chorus.

"Are all these composers stealing from one another? Of course not. Neither is the jazz musician stealing when he writes his own melody to a harmonic progression used in a standard tune and improvises on that progression.

"Harmony can be considered a structural tool, used for the same purpose by both composer and improviser. If you build a house using a certain type

of framework, that doesn't mean the person first using that framework has any legitimate claims on the profits derived from the scale of your house.

"If Tom Scanlan's charges of plagiarism were true, he should be commended for his stand. Dishonesty is reprehensible in music as elsewhere, and a legitimate gripe deserves attention, especially from someone with a writer's potential to influence the public.

"IN ANY OPEN DISCUSSION on this subject, there is another aspect concerning jazz improvisation on the popular song form of which the public should be made aware—the fact that composers of popular songs often benefit financially from the original creations of jazz musicians.

"Many records sold essentially on the merits of improvisations by jazzmen on harmonic progressions have paid royalties to song composers even though the composers' melodies were insignificant to the performance. For example, no jazz fan would buy a record of *I've Got Rhythm* by an artist, such as Lester Young, to hear him play the melody on the first chorus. Jazz interest naturally would be centered on the part of the performance that is the creation of the jazzman—without this, there would be no record sales and no composer royalties.

"How about it, Mr. Scanlan? In a case like this, who is being gyped? Who has a legitimate gripe and a right to squawk? Would those complaining composers advise the jazz musician to delete that first melody chorus, or, maybe, write a melody of his own, such as *Lester Leaps In*?

"The question of why jazzmen continue to use standard tunes if the melody is unimportant to their improvisations is pertinent to this discussion. However, that involves another subject too lengthy to go into here."

Next?

Scholarship Fund Set Up To Honor Brownie's Memory

Wilmington, Del.—A movement to perpetuate the name of the late Clifford Brown has been set up here in the shape of the Clifford Brown Memorial Scholarship fund.

The fund was started by Negro Local 641 here and by some of Clifford's close friends and was later joined by 311, the white local. There will be an annual jazz concert to raise funds for scholarships, to be awarded to local high school students wishing to pursue a musical career.

Herman Williams is president, Lemuel Winchester secretary, and Claude Wells treasurer of the fund, located at 100 E. Eighth St. here.

The first concert will be held Sept. 16 at 3 p.m. in the Brandywine Music Box at the intersection of Route 1 and Route 202. Max Roach, Sahib Shihab, Sonny Stitt, the Jimmy Smith trio, and Lou Donaldson, along with such vocal names as Sarah Vaughan and Dinah Washington, are probable starters.

Mailing address for tickets is Marlin's Cafe at 11th and Kirkwood here or radio station WILM.

NAT COLE

In the *Beginning* is Decca's collection of old blue label sides made by Nat when he was still the piano playing, sometimes singer with the King Cole trio (the inset cover shot even shows him wearing a moustache). His first version of *Sweet Lorraine* is included, as are his own blues, *That Ain't Right*, and the handsome ballad, *This Will Make You Laugh*, which might profitably be brought back today. Those who recall listening to Cole when these first came out and exclaiming over his vocal prowess might be somewhat dismayed to hear the sides in this group now. His intonation and depth were a far cry from the polish that now is his. But on the other hand, there was that personalized Hines-Waller-Wilson piano of his that even today sounds vigorously fresh. Jazz lost quite a man when *Nature Boy* was made (Decca DL-8620).

BING CROSBY

Big chunks of nostalgia are contained in Decca's *Blue Hawaii*, a reassembling of most of the Island tunes The Groaner made in the late '30s and early '40s. The title tune, *Sweet Leilani*, *Trade Winds*, and *To You, Sweetheart, Aloha* (with Lani McIntire leading the backing band on some—remember?) are among the big hits Bing had that are handsomely packaged here. Most of them stand up well over the years (Decca DL-8269).

JOHNNY DESMOND

The just-returned-from-service-overseas Desmond received a large amount of publicity 10 years ago. He was, they said, a distinct threat to Frank Sinatra. RCA Camden has conveniently packaged a bundle of the tunes he did for Victor at that time, including the sensitive *Guilty* and *I'll Close My Eyes*, plus such as Ellington's *I Didn't Know Enough About You*, *Shoo-Fly Pie*, and *In Love in Vain*. Sound quality is below par, however, and save for a few moments of real interest, there are any number of vocal LPs on the market by today's crop that cut this pretty thoroughly (RCA Camden CAL-299). Of interest chiefly to ardent Desmo fans.

JOHNNY HOLIDAY

The Chicago singer who bowed so auspiciously a season or two ago with his first LP on Pacifica is back this time with a 12-inch on Kapp (KL-1029) and his luster is in no way dimmed. Singing for the most part tunes seldom-done by today's singers (*Why Can't You Behave?*, *Frenesi*, *If You Said Goodbye*, and *Adios* are among them), and backed by the tasteful and stimulating arrangements of Russ Garcia, he displays a sensitivity of phrasing and warmth of sound worthy of many hearings. It's a record you should make a point to seek out.

ART LUND

Lund, always a favorite singer around these quarters, finally gets an LP to himself, most likely based on his success in *Most Happy Fella*, but it's

composed of single releases on MGM in the last five years (MGM E-3411). The jumping *Blue Skies*, a well-read *I Can't Get Started*, a reprise of his Benny Goodman band hit, *My Blue Heaven*, *Let's Fall in Love*, and a handful of others make up a pleasant grouping, but one that only hints at the potential Lund has. He has a swinging beat and natural voice quality that could be made better use of.

JIMMY PALMER

Jimmy (Dancin' Shoes) Palmer, whose band has appeared chiefly in the midwest the last several years and has utilized an unabashed carbon of the Kay Kyser style, has made a big switch. *First on Wax* (Mercury MG-20191) consists of a dozen finger-poppers played in swing era style by a big band with a beat. Typical is his recreation of Artie Shaw's *Summit Ridge Drive*, which moves along well behind rolling saxes and clipped brass. Louis Prima's *Robin Hood*, *Peanut Vendor*, *Air Mail Special*, and *Pennies from Heaven* are among the dozen titles included, and save for a rhythm section that tends to unsteadiness, it is a "new" band that will bear watching.

GEORGE SHEARING

Velvet Carpet finds George's quintet surrounded by strings in what is essentially a mood music album (Capitol T-720). It should do exceedingly well, for not only is Shearing's piano in persuasive form, but Dennis Farnon's arrangements do exactly what the album title suggests—provide a thick musical carpet upon which George can tread. Especially appealing is Thelonious Monk's *'Round Midnight*, which herein receives the exposure it deserves. Choice items like *September Song*, *Dancing on the Ceiling*, *A Foggy Day*, and *Have You Met Miss Jones?* also are included, and save for the somewhat wearing sameness of the Shearing piano sound, this is thoroughly enjoyable and pleasant quiet-hour fare.

BILL THOMPSON

A Quiet Evening with the Mighty Wurlitzer (Pacifica 12" LP P-2001) is just that. Dick Bock's engineering care with pop packages like this is equal to his unremitting sound skill with his jazz sets. More to the musical point, 27-year-old Thompson is indeed responsible for an album "that de-emphasized the novel effects and instead, showcased the rich musical color" of which the Wurlitzer is capable. Or to put it another way, Thompson has more taste and restraint than most pummelers of this beast in the basement. Woody Woodward's intriguing notes tell how this huge pipe organ wound up in the private home whereat this recital was recorded.

CLAUDE THORNHILL

The reissues are out in force this month, but if all were as completely enjoyable as Thornhill's *Dinner for Two* (RCA Camden CAL-307), no complaints could be voiced. This one contains a dozen typically Thornhillian arrangements waxed first in 1947 or thereabouts. Thick saxes, compact brass, delicate reeds, warm French horn, et al, plus time-tested items like *Man I Love*, *Sweet and Lovely*, *Fascinatin' Rhythm*, *Where or When*, *Small Hotel*, and even *720 in the Books* make this a bargain package.

R&B Deeja's OK Code Of Operation

New York — The National Jazz, Rhythm and Blues Disc Jockey's association convened here last month with Tommy Smalls of WWRL as host.

In a meeting held at Smalls Paradise in Harlem, the deejays adopted a code of operation, went on record with a vote of thanks to the trade publications for helping counteract the bad publicity received by rhythm and blues music, and pledged to go all out in an effort to help stricken composer Andy Razaf by spinning records of his songs whenever possible.

MGM Prepares Five LPs For Jazz Sales

New York—MGM Records, normally conservative in its jazz output, has prepared a special package of five LPs aimed at the jazz market, due for release this month.

The set comprises *Swanee River Jazz*, by Preacher Rollo and his Saints; *A Touch of Modern*, by Stu Phillips' sextet; *West Coast Versus East Coast*, with two Leonard Feather groups; *The Duke and I*, consisting of Ellington tunes played by the Cass Harrison trio, and a Buddy DeFranco combo album.

Pettifords Recovering From Car Crash Injuries

New York—Oscar Pettiford and his wife, Harriet, are recovering from injuries suffered in an automobile accident here Aug. 15. A bus, turning a corner, struck the Pettiford's car a glancing blow and rammed it into a bus garage.

The Pettiford's were treated in Roosevelt hospital for cuts and bruises, but Oscar's hands escaped damage. The car was virtually demolished.

'Highpockets' Rogers Joins Dot Records

Hollywood—Milton Rogers, no relation to Shorty, has joined Dot Records as composer-arranger and assistant to label's music director, Billy Vaughan.

Closely identified with Dot best-seller Gale Storm as her arranger and pianist since 1953, Rogers is a past pupil of Wesley LaViolette and Russ Garcia and has arranged Allan Jones' club acts and record dates.

Rouse, Wilkins, Cohn, Geller In Ferguson Band

Hollywood—Before leaving for New York, Maynard Ferguson announced key changes in the reeds of his "dream band" that opened this week at Birdland. Replacing Seldon Powell, tenor, and Sol Schlinger, baritone, are Charlie Rouse and Ernie Wilkins.

KENTON

CHRISTY

HERMAN

BIG-TIME

JAZZ

BROWN

JAMES

SHEARING

MAY

ANTHONY



WOODY HERMAN

Jackpot!—Woody and his greatest little Herd sound off on eight great jazz performances. Herman, Copolla, Collins, Touff, Kamuca, Budwig and Flores—the "Las Vegas Herd". **No. 748**

THE MISTY MISS CHRISTY



JUNE CHRISTY

The Misty Miss Christy—June picks twelve of her best. Gay, sad, moody—all sung in her own misty manner. A masterful assist by Pete Rugolo's imaginative arrangements. **No. 725**

Dance to the Bands



Featuring STAN KENTON • LES BROWN • HARRY JAMES
BILLY MAY • WOODY HERMAN • RAY ANTHONY

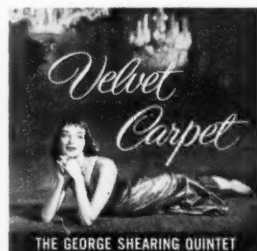
6 GREAT BANDS

Dance To The Bands—Brown, Kenton, May, James, Anthony, and Herman all in one two-record album. Exciting new recordings for an evening of varied big band jazz. **No. 727**



STAN KENTON

City of Glass and This Modern World—New sounds, new ideas—primarily abstract. Brilliant compositions by Robert Graettinger. Dazzling performances by top instrumentalists. **No. 736**



GEORGE SHEARING

Velvet Carpet—For the first time The Shearing Quintet accompanied by strings! Cellos, violas, and violins create a plush velvet carpet for the wonderfully listenable Shearing sound. **No. 720**



STAN KENTON

Cuban Fire!—Authentic Afro-Cuban rhythms and North-American jazz in new Johnny Richards compositions. Dynamic performance by the Kenton orchestra and Cuban rhythm section. **No. 731**

NEW

FROM



HIGH FIDELITY RECORDINGS

1 Ella Fitzgerald
Cole Porter Song Book
Verve MGV 4001-2



2 The Modern Jazz Quartet
Fontessa
Atlantic 1231



3 Stan Kenton
In Hi-Fi
Capitol T 724



4 Louis Armstrong
Ambassador Satch
Columbia CL 840



5 Gene Krupa-Buddy Rich
Krupa and Rich
Clef MGC 684



6 Gene Krupa
Drummer Man
Verve 2000



7 Chico Hamilton
In Hi-Fi
Pacific Jazz 1216



8 The Jazz Messengers
Volume 2
Blue Note 1508



9 Gerry Mulligan
Mulligan Plays Paris
Concert
Pacific Jazz 1210



10 Chris Connor
Chris Connor
Atlantic 1228



Jazz Best-Sellers

Here are the 20 best-selling jazz record albums in the country. This biweekly survey is conducted among 150 retail record outlets across the country, and represents a cross section of shops, not just those which specialize in jazz.

11 Sarah Vaughan In The Land of Hi-Fi
EmArcy 36058

12 Four Freshmen Four Freshmen and
Five Trombones
Capitol T 683

13 Clifford Brown and Max Roach
At Basin Street
EmArcy 36070

14 Stan Kenton Cuban Fire
Capitol T 731

15 Oscar Peterson Plays Count Basie
Clef MGC 708

16 Shelly Manne And His Friends
Contemporary 3525

17 Anita O'Day Anita
Verve MGV-2000

18 Dinah Washington Dinah
EmArcy 36065

19 June Christy
The Misty Miss Christy
Capitol T 725

20 Count Basie Swings Count Basie
Clef MGC 678

jazz records

All records reviewed by Nat Hentoff unless initiated by Jack Tracy or Ralph J. Gleason. Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Clifford Brown-Max Roach

What Is This Thing Called Love? Love Is a Many Splendored Thing; I'll Remember April; Powell's Prances; Time; The Scene Is Clean; Gertrude's Bounce

Rating: ★★★★★½

Clifford Brown and Max Roach at Basin Street reemphasizes the loss jazz suffered when Clifford and Richie Powell died. Brownie's loss is more immediate; one of the first of the younger trumpeters to break away from the cool sound and go back to Dizzy and Roy and Navarro for inspiration, he is a dynamo here, working horn-in-sticks with Roach. Sonny Rollins made this a power-laden group solowise when he supplanted Harold Land on tenor, and Powell and bassist George Morrow are two-thirds of a cohesive rhythm section.

What Is This Thing drives hard, with Brownie and Rollins stickouts; *Many Splendored Thing*, taken up-tempo, is pushed initially by Clifford's sailing solo, moves into a staccato, yet rolling Rollins, then fine Richie, followed by a Roach drum excursion.

April and *Prances* also move at good speed, with *Time* the first and only ballad to show up. Written by Richie, it is mindful of *Leavin' Town*, recorded by Zoot Sims with Chubby Jackson some five years ago, and is marked by a serene chorus midway from Powell.

The Scene, written by Tad Dameron, displays perhaps the best Rollins work of the date. *Gertrude's Bounce* is again Powell's composition—an oddly-constructed, provocative line that undoubtedly will become used by a lot of groups. Indefatigable Clifford solos first, Sonny next, with Powell comping neatly, then soloing, followed by more acrobatics from Max.

Enervating, full-bodied jazz, this, and thoroughly recommended (J.T.) (EmArcy MG-36070)

Wild Bill Davison

Mandy, Make Up Your Mind; Black Butterfly; If I Had You; Just a Gigolo; Blue Again; When Your Lover Has Gone; Sugar; Sweet and Lovely; Rockin' Chair; She's Funny That Way; A Ghost of a Chance; Wild Man Blues

Rating: ★★★★★

Pretty Wild, an assortment of judicially-selected tunes played with great delicacy and feeling, is, as the liner notes, contend, "a superlative showcase for Wild Bill Davison, that celebrated diamond-in-the-rough, who this time finds himself resting on velvet."

Percy Faith's sometimes soupy strings supply the backing, but it is Bill's horn—sometimes guttural and wavering, but always combining Louis Armstrong's uncluttered phrasing and Roy Eldridge's rough-edged, singing jazz sound—that brings this uncounted

cuts above the usual "mood music" album.

From the brief introduction to *Mandy*, through the lovely *Black Butterfly*, the choice *Blue Again*, a tender *When Your Lover Has Gone*, a poignant *Sweet and Lovely*, a *Rockin' Chair* right out of Roy, and an ephemeral *Ghost*, Bill here reveals a restrained, yet virile, side to his playing I did not realize he possessed. He's a helluva trumpet player.

By all means you should give an audition to what he has to say here. (J.T.) (Columbia CL-871)

Buddy DeFranco

The Bright One; Sonny's Idea; Laura; Everything Happens to Me; I'll Remember April; Willow, Weep for Me; Minor Incident; A Foggy Day.

Rating: ★★½

This is the DeFranco unit that included Sonny Clark, piano; Gene Wright, bass, and Bobby White, drums. It's called *In a Mellow Mood*.

There are three lovely ballads here in which the best side of DeFranco is displayed. *Everything Happens to Me*, after a straight beginning, has Buddy in a long, moving line that carries over into the second chorus and is in his most romantic, pretty-sounding style. *Willow*, also slow and pretty, is almost transformed into a blues with Wright's pulsing bass, a bluesish second chorus, Clark's *After Hours* piano with Wright pushing behind him and excellent lyric DeFranco. *Foggy* has Clark comping deliciously, great rhythm, and very moving clarinet.

On the other tracks, the less admirable facets of this group get full play. Clark has a long, dull chorus in *April* with a slurring bass figure that sounds like bagpipes, and on *Bright One* and *Minor* DeFranco lapses into that odd piping tone. His solos are not ornate but still almost as if they are too much for the instrument, and the feeling of struggle is unnatural. White, whose drums are mercifully subdued on most of the tunes, is busily shaking chains throughout *Minor*. (R.J.G.) (Norgran MGN-1079)

Friedrich Gulda

Vienna Discussion; Scruby; Dark Glow; Night in Tunisia; Dodo; Air from Other Planets; New Shoes; Bernie's Tune

Rating: ★★★

Friedrich Gulda at Birdland is an at-the-club waxing of the unit led by the Viennese classicist who also plays jazz piano. Members include Idrees Suliemann, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Seldon Powell, tenor; Phil Woods, alto; Aaron Bell, bass, and Nick Stabulas, drums.

Possessed of unwavering technique, a richly percussive attack, and good feeling for jazz, Gulda is nevertheless a comparative novice when it comes to improvising with originality in the idiom. I'm afraid that the novelty of a well-regarded classical pianist playing jazz was more responsible for his getting the date and the recording than was his ability.

Annotator John Hammond points out that the group was organized just one week before playing this date. It sounds like it. Whatever happened to the concept that a band should be together for

more time than it takes to shake hands before it is ready to work as a unified group at a major location?

Principal moments of value lie in the solo contributions from the increasingly impressive Suliemann, gifted Jimmy Cleveland, swinging Seldon Powell, and Bird-touched Woods. Gulda plays with great facility phrases and chunks of Bud Powell, Horace Silver, and others, but he plays little of himself, even if he is handicapped by a piano which has all the tonal qualities of a radiator crossed with a harpsichord.

Considered as a first recording by a pianist never before heard in jazz, this collection shows much promise. But to throw Gulda into a ring filled with talents who have been playing at least this well for many years and intone his name with reverence is only doing injustice both to him and the intelligence of the listener. (J.T.) (RCA Victor LPM-1355)

Mel Henke

In a Little Spanish Town; Little Rock Getaway; Mean to Me; Tocatta; Stardust; Turkey in the Straw; Shock Treatment; Pennies from Heaven; Tea for Two; I Surrender, Dear; Cocky Coo-Coo Clock; In a Mist; Frenzied Flight

Rating: ★★★★★½

Now Spin This contains 13 more examples of the unique pianistic skills and flair for the unusual that makes Henke such an individual stylist. He often drifts without any apparent direction, he seems unconcerned with establishing any sort of steady rhythmic pulse, and he throws harmonic colors about with the abandon of a mad painter, but because of, rather than despite, this, he is worth hearing.

Each of these personal little musical vignettes is more jazz-flavored than jazz, but taken in total they reveal an active, inquisitive musical mind that has a sense of humor.

Perhaps Mel best describes his own work in the album notes, in which he says: "I'd say my treatment of tunes should be classed as repertoire rather than a particular jazz style. This is probably due to the fact that years ago when I first started to play jazz, I would imitate various jazz greats such as Earl Hines, Tatum, and Cleo Brown. With imitation we can come close but we never really achieve what we try to achieve by imitation, at least I didn't. So I started to develop each tune as an individual composition rather than trying to play every tune in the same style."

As a shaper or influencer of other jazzmen, Henke certainly will never rate very highly. But he is a man who plays with a completely personal approach (not unlike the near-forgotten Robert Crum) and disregard for convention (listen to the tempo at which he chooses to play Beiderbecke's *In a Mist*, for example).

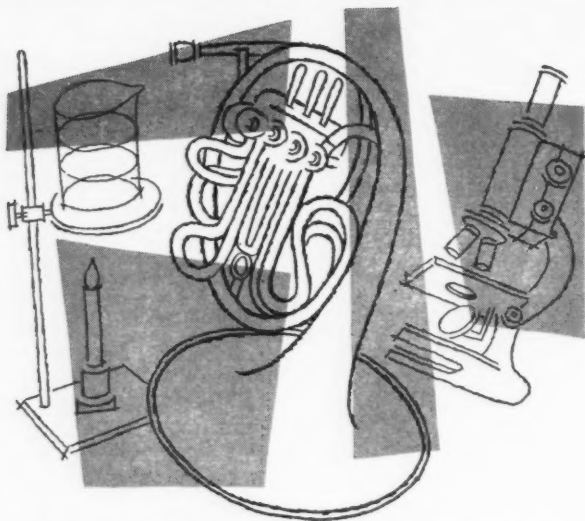
These traits alone are worth a low bow. (J.T.) (Contemporary 12" LP C-5003)

Shorty Rogers

Martians Come Back; Astral A'low; Lotus Bud; Dickie's Dream; Papouche; Serenade in Sweets; Planetarium; Chant of the Cosmos

Rating: ★★★★★½

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involves either witchcraft or hypnosis, Nesuhi Ertegun is able to get out of Shorty record sessions that sustain a high level of musicianship, a constantly pulsing rhythmic drive, and thoughtful solos, in contrast to the too-often surface glibness that has marked so many of Rogers' efforts on wax.

Martians Come Back is the second of his Atlantic LPs (the first was the equally vigorous *Martians Go Home*), and the grouping is altered for variety's sake. Tracks 1, 3, 5, and 7 spot Shorty on trumpet and/or flugel horn; Jimmy Giuffre on clarinet, tenor, and baritone; Lou Levy, piano; Ralph Pena, bass, and Shelly Manne, drums. Remainder consist of larger units in which can be heard such stalwarts as Harry Edison, Don Fagerquist, Conte and Pete Candoli, Bob Enevoldsen, etc.

The title band gives a solid clue of what is to come, as Levy's spare, Basie-ish introduction leads into a typically simple, booting Rogers line played in thirds by muted Shorty and Giuffre's clarinet. Jimmy solos pensively, Shorty cooks one, Levy dances, Pena walks, and it's back to the theme.

Alley spots the four trumpets with rhythm. Each solos, with Edison's closing muted contribution gracefully capping them all.

Sweets comes back on *Dickie's Dream* and a moving *Serenade*; the small group moves on *Papouche* and *Planetarium*, and Giuffre provides a shining example of his phlegmatically woody clarinet style on *Cosmos*, in which he somehow manages to make music while blowing several bars of only air.

A most satisfying and recommended collection (J.T.) (Atlantic 12" LP 1232)

Joe Sullivan

Save It, Pretty Mama; Go Back Where You Stayed Last Night; In the Middle of a Kiss; Just Strolling; Black and Blue; Ain't Misbehavin'; Bush Above Powell; I've Found a New Baby; Frolicking Fido; Keepin' Out of Mischievous Now

Rating: ★★ ★★

The irrepressible Mr. Sullivan plays solo piano on *Mr. Piano Man* ("That way everything depends solely on me," he explains in the notes. "I'm on my own, thoroughly, and playing alone—to me—is one good way of achieving complete freedom of expression").

And freely-expressed jazz it is—emotional, tinged always with blue, and ever dominated by the incisively penetrating left hand that is so distinguishing facet of his style.

Go Back, written by Fats Waller, is just about as sad and wistful as jazz can get. *In the Middle of a Kiss* is Joe playing his own ballad with infinite tenderness and individuality. *Bush* is a striking performance that builds in intensity much in the manner of Lennie Tristano's *Requiem*, then ends softly, almost facetiously. It isn't until the eighth tune, *Baby*, that Joe steps off into his familiar Wallerish stride and kicks off a fast tempo.

This one's another healthy reminder that jazz need know no schools, and that musical maturity should not be confused with senility. There are really precious few jazzmen who can lay claim to having played consistently well for a score of years. Sullivan is



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one of them, and what he has to say musically contains a great deal of validity. I would suggest that you lend an ear—preferably two. (J.T.) (Down Home 12" LP MGD-2)

Joe Turner

Cherry Red; Roll 'Em Pete; I Want a Little Girl; Low Down Dog; Wee Baby Blues; You're Driving Me Crazy; How Long Blues; Morning Glories; St. Louis Blues; Piney Brown Blues

Rating: ★★★★★

This is one of those sessions to which you must give an unhesitating nod of approval—it was beautifully conceived, executed, and performed. Titled *Doss of the Blues*, it gives most ample evidence of the strength and joy that is Turner.

He is superb here—big-voiced, persuasive, and, as Whitney Balliet says in his model liner notes, "hard and certain and gives the impression that the listener must contribute exactly as much as Turner himself." The band immerses itself in Ernie Wilkins' sparsely effective scores and keeps pace with the remarkably high standard Joe sets.

With him are Pete Johnson, piano; Joe Newman, trumpet (Jimmy Nottingham replaces on four tunes); a sterling Seldon Powell and effective Frank Wess alternating on tenor; preaching, swinging Lawrence Brown on trombone; Pete Brown, alto, and a driving rhythm complement of Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass, and Cliff Leeman, drums.

The beat that the group lays down is often overpowering, with Turner riding happily and unrestrainedly above it all. He sings *You're Driving Me Crazy* against the band's *Moten Swing* as Powell chips in a stabbing solo; drives through *Roll 'Em Pete* with abandon; makes *How Long* too short, and revives *Piney Brown* and *Wee Baby* in such fashion that you forget he did what were considered

A Wailing Girl Trombonist

This Melba Is A Peach

By Leonard Feather

WHEN AUDIENCES in Syria, Lebanon, and other exotic areas heard the Dizzy Gillespie band unwinding its special arrangement of *My Reverie*, many were amazed to observe the trombone soloist, who also happened to be the arranger of the number.

The trombonist's name is Melba Doretta Liston, and at present she is the only feminine horn in name-band jazz. We can thank Gillespie that she is in jazz at all at the moment, for in 1950, disgusted with the vagaries of the profession, not to mention the foibles of leaders who wouldn't hire her because of her sex, she gave up, and went to work as a clerk with the board of education in Los Angeles.

Melba, born in 1926 in Kansas City, Mo., and reared in Los Angeles, has unaccountably remained in the background of the jazz scene for many years, though in 1948 and '49, along with trumpeter Gerald Wilson, she worked in Dizzy's earlier big band and also for a few months with Count Basie. Before that, she was in Wilson's own band around Los Angeles for several years.

"THAT WAS A FINE band," Melba recalls. "Snookie Young and Emmett Berry were on some of the records. We made several originals of mine on

definitive versions more than a decade ago with Art Tatum.

This has to be considered one of the outstanding records of a year that has seen an almost uncountable number of jazz discs issued. (J.T.) (Atlantic 1234)

Excelsior and Black and White, but try to find them now!"

Melba gradually got back into show business in 1954 after four years of semiretirement. There were occasional calls from the movie studios, though they apparently wanted her to do everything but play trombone; she had bit parts in *The Prodigal* with Lana Turner and a couple of other movies.

Then Dizzy, passing through Los Angeles, used her on some records for which she arranged *Flamingo* and a couple of originals. He promised to send for her whenever he reorganized the big band. Months later, Melba got the call and came east to rehearse under Quincy Jones' direction.

THOUGH SHE'S never cared too much about solo work, Melba was heard briefly as a bop-oriented soloist on a Dexter Gordon session for Dial in 1947. Recently, when the Gillespie band made its first session for Norman Granz in New York, three of her arrangements were included *Annie's Dance* (based on *Anitra's Dance*), *Stella by Starlight*, and, Yugoslavian fans will be glad to hear, *My Reverie*.

With or without horn, Melba is a striking figure—tall and slim, with a dazzling smile and features recalling a Greek statue carved in bronze. The guys in the band pay her the highest of compliments by saying, "She's just like one of us." However, unlike some distaff musicians, she is beyond a doubt a girlish, womanly, female, feminine dame.

Nationwide exposure in the Gillespie band (including a solo when they televised coast to coast on Steve Allen's show recently) should make it reasonably certain that the board of education has lost her forever.



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feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

SOME ARE BORN to jazz, some acquire jazz, some have jazz thrust upon them. For the last several years, I have found myself so conditioned that if I were to take a vacation in the Fiji islands, I undoubtedly would wind up attending a jam session or debating the merits of the Modern Jazz Quartet with the head of the Fiji Island Jazz Club No. 15.



Thus polarized, with jazz thrust upon me, no matter what corner of the globe I may seek out, I found myself in just such a situation a few weeks ago when, within wailing distance of one of the famous cathedrals of the world, I discussed the contemporary scene with Arrigo Polillo, a lawyer in Milan, Italy, who makes an avocation out of jazz and is one of the editors of Milan's bright and enterprising *Musica Jazz* monthly.

The story I heard was happily typical of what you will hear in almost any country you may visit nowadays:

THE NATIVES ARE getting restless with the old sounds and are more and more concerned with the new. Jazz in Italy has achieved a degree of recognition Polillo would have thought impossible a few years ago. Today, four of the leading daily newspapers in Italy feature a weekly column on jazz. A couple of months ago, appointed by the U. S. information service to hold a series of lectures on jazz, Polillo was amazed to see police called in to hold off hundreds of persons who were unable to gain admittance.

Some 60 newspapermen covered a jazz festival in San Remo last January. Every single daily or weekly publication in the peninsula featured a story or pictures dedicated to this event, which concerned itself with an art that until recently had been ignored in the lay press.

The publicity was not exactly hindered by the presence of one of the participating jazzmen, Romano Mussolini, youngest son of the late dictator. Romano, who is said to be a pleasant and a-political guy (and let us not visit the sins of his father upon him), plays in a pleasant, modern style apparently somewhat influenced by George Shearing, according to the evidence on an EP he cut for the Italian Victor label.

THOUGH ITALY WAS almost a blind spot on the map for most concert unit promoters until very recently, the last season has seen musically successful concerts by Gerry Mulligan and Stan Kenton, a successful three-ring offering by Lionel Hampton, a well-received vaudeville show by Louis Armstrong, and a couple of lesser events.

"The only sour note," commented Polillo, "is that Italian jazz recordings are practically through. The public wants to buy only American records,

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and our own stuff doesn't sell, which is very bad for the musicians' morale."

One might add that neither the morale nor the pocketbook is helped by the economic situation for Italian musicians. The relatively weak musicians' union imposes a scale of 3,000 lire a night (the current exchange rate is 625 lire to the dollar) for the lowliest sideman, and barely twice that amount for the highest-paid musician; consequently, the incentive is virtually absent.

Union scale for recording sessions is only 1,200 lire an hour. "We must write articles to encourage our local jazzmen not to give up entirely," says Polillo. "The string players and the accordion players are the only ones who get halfway decent money."

If Italy is getting hipper by the moment, the same must go double for France, where the output of both live and recorded jazz is in extraordinarily healthy condition.

Since my visit was limited to four days, I got to hear very little in person but was lucky enough to catch a good session at the Club St. Germain, with the best French rhythm section I had never heard—Martial Solal on piano, Pierre Michelot on bass and Jean-Louis Viale on drums, with Billy Byers and Roger Guerin sitting in on the trombone and trumpet. (Allen Eager, who currently is gracing the frozen custard business with his economic interest, indulged his hobby of playing jazz on several recent occasions at the spot.)

GUERIN, THOUGH ONE of France's best trumpet players, now makes his living as a vocal member of the Blue Stars, whom Eddie and Nicole Barclay assembled a year or two ago as a recording group and installed a couple of months ago in their club for an initial personal appearance.

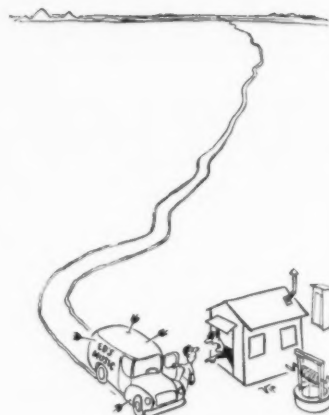
Reduced from their recorded size of eight to a neatly integrated six, the Blue Stars have been as big a hit at the St. Germain as they undoubtedly will be in due course at Birdland. Their blend is remarkable, their visual personality charming, and only rarely a little on the coy side.

Their act was cleverly organized and staged by a Scotsman, Monty Landis. Incidentally, they now include a Canadian member, Stevie Wise, a Toronto girl who worked with Calvin Jackson on TV and later spent several months with Ronnie Scott's band in England.

APPARENTLY THE French musician's don't suffer as heavily as the Italians from the exclusive concentration of interest in American records. The last time I saw Paris, Christian Chevallier was happy to inform me that he had just completed a recording session featuring nine brass, six saxes and rhythm.

Narrow Escape For Granz In Car Crash

Hollywood—Jazz impresario Norman Granz had a close brush with death Aug. 11 when his new Mercedes-Benz sports car skidded on a wet pavement in Benedict Canyon here and plunged into the side of a cliff. Granz suffered facial injuries resulting in 12 stitches in his chin and a fractured cheek bone. The car was completely demolished.



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barry ulanov

CAN A JAZZMAN blow with a symphony orchestra? I mean really blow? An answer of sorts was provided a few weeks ago by the brothers Brubeck, composer Howard and performer Dave.



For the latter's quartet, the former had written a set of *Dialogues for Combo and Orchestra*, which was played this summer season by the San Diego Symphony orchestra in collaboration with the Brubeck quartet.

According to some of those who heard the four-movement piece, it was a dead failure, at least in its efforts to unite two different kinds of music and musicians. For others, it came off, at least enough of the time to demonstrate the potentialities of such a merging of idioms.

THERE IS NO DOUBT, in any case, that a large part of the audience, and the members of the San Diego Symphony as well, played hot floor that night: feet tapped aplenty. And most important of all, there is no doubt that something like jazz was blown with a symphony orchestra: the Brubeck quartet was given ample opportunity to improvise to the scored background.

This is not the first time that an attempt has been made to bring the two musics together, of course. But all the others, to the best of my knowledge, have been carefully scored to the last note if not the ultimate nuance. Any blowing that was accomplished was strictly by the book. Any jazz feeling that was communicated was entirely as a result of a bent note, a changed accent, a twisted phrase, or a steady pulse that kept the performance swinging in spite of its paper limitations.

This can be called a jazz influence, music of this kind. It cannot be called jazz, any more than Maurice Ravel's *Blues Sonata* can be, or Igor Stravinsky's *Ragtime* or *Ebony Concerto*, or variously assorted and assembled works by Aaron Copland, Arthur Honegger, George Gershwin, or Ralph Vaughn Williams in which jazz elements may be found.

NO, IT ISN'T enough to employ jazz musicians, one or many. And it won't assure the transference of jazz from the saloon to the salon if you translate into symphonic terms a familiar riff, now voiced for 60 instruments instead of six, or a steady four-four, now pummeled by 15 percussion and a whole section of basses instead of by a four-man rhythm section.

Something more basic remains to be captured. There must be room for improvisation. Improvisation with a beat. And it must sound natural.

In the great development years of Western music, in the 17th and 18th centuries, and in much of the 19th, too, improvisation was standard procedure in the midst of a work otherwise scored to the last 64th note. The concerto form commanded an improvised cadenza, in which the soloist was expected to show

—ad lib, on the spot—a thoroughly spontaneous musicianship.

As the soloists became more and more concerned with a demonstration of their virtuoso skills rather than with their musicianship, the cadenza became an empty space in a score in more ways than one. It was filled in with painstakingly—and painfully—plotted exhibitions of technique, every note written down, each one, (or rather each hundred) murder to play and murder to listen to. The connection was lost. The cadenza filled no necessary purpose; it was not a natural part of the music.

THIS KIND OF unnatural display of whatever—the beat, growling jazz sounds, perspiring virtuosity—will be the fate of jazzmen collaborating with their symphonic cousins unless adequate preparation to offset such a consequence is made well in advance.

In saying this, I don't mean to underline the obvious, to insist that the music won't be good unless a serious attempt is made to make it good. I'm pointing to a procedure that seems to me to be clearly indicated by results in the past, by talents in the present, and by the generous interest of audiences all over the world in such a collaboration of styles and forms and those who work in them.

The logical way to start, it seems to me, is with one instrument, not four or more. Where a whole band won't work, a solo horn can conceivably be combined with a chamber orchestra or a full-sized symphony to make good music, to blow fine jazz.

IT MEANS, OF COURSE, that the soloist must feel at ease with the music played by the small or large orchestra, must be sensitive to the lines played and developed by his associates, must hear in depth what is going on around him. And it means, inevitably, that the composer must be something of a jazzman himself, one who can fit the characteristic colors, the warp and the woof, of his solo instrument into the general texture of his composition without destroying the fabric or in any way weakening it in the process.

Now is the time for all good jazzmen to come to the aid of their music. This bold breaching of the barriers that separate the classical and the jazz traditions should not be left to the classically trained to handle—or mishandle. Jazzmen with the necessary equipment—and there are quite a few around—will do the job best, most honestly, most persuasively.

That's the best reason for going right to work. Another one, one not to be sneered at, is that this sort of partnership sells at the box office. Now, then, what's the name of the conductor of your local symphony orchestra? Who is its business manager? Do you know anybody on the board of directors?

Caceres Joins Hackett

Chicago — Bobby Hackett has added baritone saxophonist Ernie Caceres to his group, replacing trombonist Ray Diehl. The combo, with Tommy Gwaltney on vibes and clarinet, Ted Ray on piano, Tony Hannan on drums, and John Dengler on tuba, opens Sept. 5 at the Blue Note here for two weeks.

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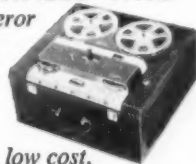
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By Robert Oakes Jordan

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THE 350-2 IS HAULED out to every recording field trip. It bounces around in the back of the station wagon, but it always works when you get there. This is every bit as important as the superb technical features.

For the stereophonic, prerecorded tapes called *Sound in the Round* on the Concertapes label, we carted the Ampex over several thousand miles,

and it was always ready to work. Our mobile power source is a Carter battery operated by a frequency-controlled generator which maintains accurate, 60-cycle alternating current.

The portable 350-2 model comes in three units—the transport mechanism, the record and playback amplifier, and the power supplies. There have been many times when we wished the whole thing were the Ampex 600 weighing only 25 pounds instead of more than 100 pounds of 350-2.

FOR AN IDEA OF what is involved in making a stereophonic recording, here is a description of a field trip. Jim Cunningham and I prepared two very large Fiberglas, parabolic sound "mirrors." These two dish-shaped sound collectors are equipped with one probe microphone each. Each microphone (we used the new, rugged Shure Brothers 535 probe microphone, designed for public address work) was pointed into the reflectors with the diaphragm of the mike at the focal point.

In order to picture more clearly think of the standard flashlight reflector and the bulb. In that case the lighted bulb at the focal point of the reflector causes rays of light to go out in a beam away from the flashlight. In our case we wished the distant sounds of birds to be caught and concentrated by the parabolic sound mirrors or reflectors at the microphone. In this way—with two parabolic reflectors—we can be several blocks away from the sounds and still get a good recording.

THE SUCCESS OF this trip and the recordings—which will be released for sale after we have studied them in the

New Hamp Tag

New York — Lionel Hampton, who now spends so much of his time overseas that his engagements in the U. S. are regarded as visits, now has a slogan that fits his peripatetic career.

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laboratory—depended partly upon the nature of the true stereophonic microphone pickup and partly upon the accurate directioning of the parabolas. We controlled these at a distance by the same FM radio channel over which the signal from our microphones is sent to the Ampex recorder; no connecting wires or cables were necessary.

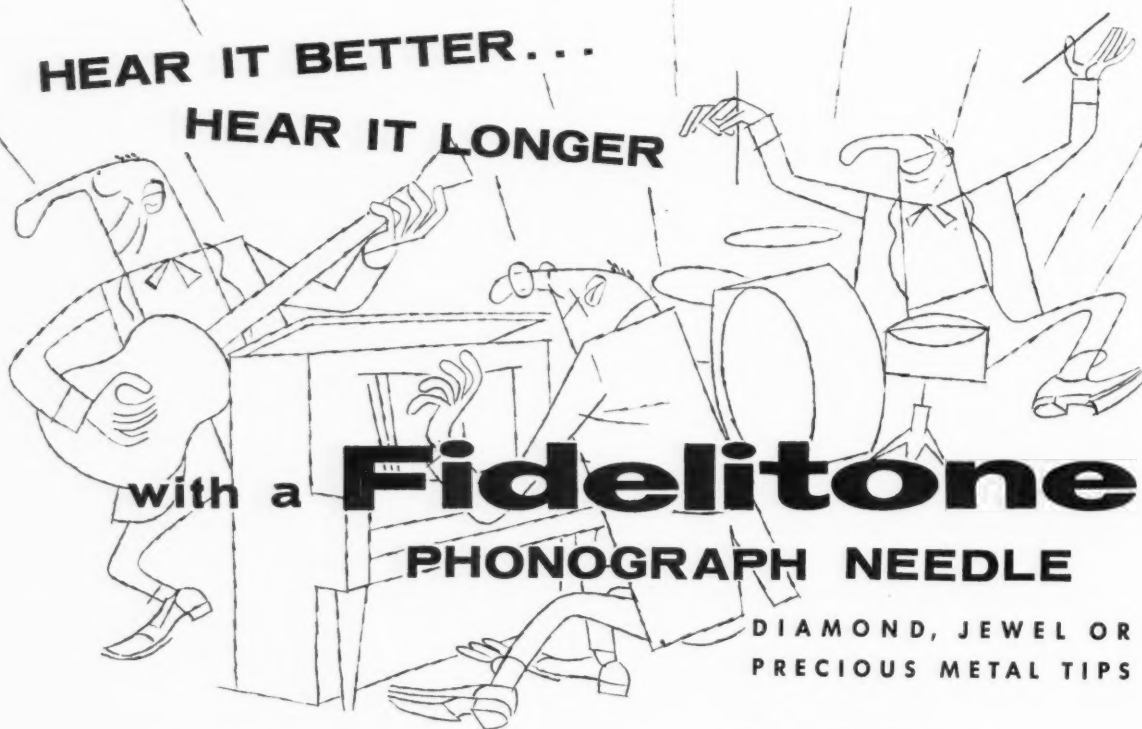
But in the main the success of the trip rested upon the ruggedness of the Ampex 350-2 and the two seemingly waterproof Shure 535 microphones.

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the blindfold test

By Leonard Feather

The blindfolding of Friedrich Gulda was an event to which I had looked forward eagerly ever since the report that he was about to return to America to make his first official plunge into jazz.

As one of the most distinguished Beethoven specialists on the present-day concert piano horizon, Gulda might well have been expected to have something of the dilettante approach to jazz, both in his thinking and in his playing. That such was not the case became quite apparent when he wailed authentically at the helm of a fine modern combo at Birdland.

The extent of his jazz knowledge and sensitivity was further reinforced when, from behind the blindfold, he reacted provocatively to a set of records that included everything from the latest in avant-garde jazz (No. 7) to the lowest in rhythm and blues (No. 8).

Gulda was given no information before or during the test about the records played for him.



The Records

1. Stan Kenton. *In Veradero* (Capitol). Neal Hefti, composer and arranger; Bud Shank flute; Bob Cooper, tenor sax; Harry Betts, trombone; Don Bagley, bass.

I really didn't like it so much—I don't think it's a jazz piece. I couldn't tell who it might be. I don't go for this kind of music very much, because I don't think it was jazz. There was nothing spectacular in any of the solos. I think the bass player could have learned his part better.

I never heard a record of Sauter-Finegan, and it could have been their band. It's hard to rate that, because I don't think it was jazz. The playing was actually good, but I don't think it belongs in a jazz blindfold test. No rating for this.

2. Ruby Braff. *Linger Awhile* (Vanguard). Braff, trumpet; Nat Pierce, piano.

I like that one very much. I'll give it four stars. I can't think who the trumpet player was. I never heard Bix Beiderbecke, but maybe it was he. It was Count Basie on the piano, I suppose. I think the record is excellent. Personally, I don't go very much for this style, but within this style, it's wonderful.

3. John Graas. *Mulliganesque* (Decca). Graas, composer, arranger, French horn; Gerry Mulligan, baritone; Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Red Mitchell, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; Marty Paich, piano; Howard Roberts, guitar.

I like Gerry Mulligan, but I can't make out who the trumpet player was. It might be Jon Eardley. I didn't like the rhythm section nor the piano player. I can't make out who the trombone is—it's not good enough for Brookmeyer. This might have been done in Europe. I hate to give three stars to Gerry Mulligan—I'd like to give him five. I like the writing, but I think he has done better things—if it's his. Three stars.

4. Seldon Powell. *Count Fleet* (Roost). Powell, arranger and tenor; Bob Alexander, trombone; Tony Aless, piano.

This seems to be another west coast outfit. I like the tenor player very much. I didn't go for the piano though.

The trombone solo was very good. The arrangement was good—it swings. I'd rate this 3½ stars.

5. Melvyn (Mel) Powell. *Sonatina* (Vanguard). Powell, composer, arranger, piano.

If this continues in the same vein as it has begun, you can take it off. I suppose this is one of the experiments of Mel Powell. From the classical classical point of view, it lacks everything. To me it lacks form and development of ideas. Judging it as classical music, it would be good for very little. This strikes me as if somebody has had a glance at classical music and behaves very childishly. It's pretentious without any meaning.

He has an idea of what modern classical music is like and tries to imitate it. If this is a jazz player or if he has been, I recommend that he go back and study. I wouldn't rate it as jazz, and if I were his teacher of classical music, I would make him sit down at the piano and study harmony, counterpoint, and form.

6. Bud Powell. *Collard Greens and Black-Eyed Peas* (Blue Note). George Duvivier, bass; Art Taylor, drums; Oscar Pettiford, composer.

I want to say the negative things first. He could use a little more technique. I like him very much, though. I think it might be Bud Powell in a product of not one of his best days, or it might be one of his spiritual pupils. I like the rhythm section and the theme is nice . . . I would say Horace Silver, but the left hand is a little too thick for him.

It swings nicely, but I don't think this is his best achievement. I would like to hear more of this pianist. As a pianist as a whole, I would rate him very high, but for this particular piece, I'll give him 3½.

7. Teddy Charles. *Green Blues* (Atlantic). Composed and arranged by Charles.

I never heard this experimental group, Teddy Charles, but according to all I hear about him, I think this must be he. I don't think it makes sense to compose a thing without harmony and then end on a clear, fat, nice B-flat major chord. This cancels out what he's

done before. Not to want it during the piece and to want it at the end just so it makes an ending isn't logical.

I don't see why jazz is trying to do without harmony. They have achieved so much in developing the harmony they learned from us Europeans and have developed it into something entirely new. I don't see any reason for giving it up—especially when it's done so half-heartedly—ending on the B-flat major chord . . . The music was well played and the musicians very good ones, but I think they could do better. To the piece, the writing, I would give 1½ stars. To the playing, I would certainly give four.

8. Chuck Berry. *Roll Over, Beethoven* (Chess).

That's enough—I don't want to hear any more of that . . . *Roll Over, Beethoven*—why do they call it that? . . . Well, I think some people just can't make it in the hard field of jazz, so they turn to this. I'm not saying anything against rhythm and blues, but I know this piece is not a singular one—there are other pieces exactly like it. The same tempo, same instrumentation, same formal pattern. I didn't like this very much. It does use the blues harmonic pattern, though, and proves that he knows the chord changes for the blues. Give him one star for knowing the chords of the blues.

9. Stan Kenton. *You Go to My Head* (Capitol). Bob Graettinger, arranger; Bob Burgess, trombone; Richie Kamuca, tenor.

Well, that's Stan Kenton and Bill Russo's arrangement. It may be Bill playing, too. I think by now you know my dislike for efforts to please the long-hairs with so-called jazz. I don't need that! . . . I started enjoying the record when the introduction was over and I fell asleep again when it started back to the style of the introduction.

I don't think it's necessary to do things like this. If this thing, *You Go to My Head*, would be played by, say, Lee Konitz with a little outfit, just as it is, with nice, good thoughts for improvisation, I would prefer it. I think there is much more thought than in any brassy arrangement.



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(Jumped from Page 8)

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE: Local pianist Eddie Baker accompanying Billie Holiday on a Honolulu date . . . Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers follow the Bud Shank quartet into the Modern Jazz room on Sept. 12 . . . Teddy Wilson's trio finishing a stand at the London House. Erroll Garner moves in for five weeks on Sept. 12 . . . Mr. Kelly's, lately refurbished after a fire, has the Connie Milano trio, Audrey Morris, and Beverly Kenny.

Sylvia Syms is current at the Black Orchid, the first headliner to be booked by the new management of Paul Raffles, Pat Fontecchio, and Bill Doherty. Same trio owns the Cloister Inn, where Lurlene Hunter and the Pat Moran quartet continue to hold forth. A jazz policy similar to that of the Cloister is the design of the Black Orchid Jr. lounge, where Buddy Charles and Carole Simpson are now appearing . . . Phyllis Branch appearing Monday nights at Easy Street, where Leigh Travis and the Billy Wallace trio carry on the rest of the week. Bill Russo's quintet continues to deliver the Sunday evening jazz concerts . . . The Dixieland All-Stars, led by clarinetist Franz Jackson, are at the Hunt club in Berwyn on Sunday nights . . . Duke Ellington opened the Blue Note the week after he made the cover of Time.

ADDED NOTES: Dorothy Dandridge is at the Palmer House through September . . . Spike Jones winds up a prosperous engagement at the Chez Paree on Sept. 10, when the McGuire Sisters take over for a fortnight . . . Big Bill Broonzy, Bob Gibson, and Marilyn Child continue to draw the off-beat crowds to the Gate of Horn . . . The Compass Players, a drama group, is now featured at the north side Off-beat room, which has yielded its jazz entertainment . . . Bandleaders Buddy Moreno and Ted Weems have both moved to Memphis, Tenn., to conduct disc jockey shows for at least a year.

Hollywood

THE JAZZ BEAT: Johnny Richards is going back into the band biz with a wild Afro-Cuban book that's further out than Kenton ever got. Sample will be heard on a new album he cut here last month for Bethlehem using an all-star lineup . . . Three new young tenor men—Sam Firmature, and James Clay from Dallas, and Buddy Parker from Indianapolis—are wiggling all those lucky enough to hear them . . . Ella Fitzgerald may marry here and remain on the coast.

NITER NOTES: Chico Hamilton quintet is breaking it up at Jazz City in the boys' first hometown gig since their eastern tour. Buddy Collette is temporarily back on woodwinds for the date . . . 400 club's Teddy Buskner is all set for KABC-TV's Stars of Jazz Monday, the 17th. That trade deal with Wilbur DeParis is all off . . . Bob Cooper back from the Islands, Hermosa's Lighthouse All-Stars sound the happiest . . . Jake Porter's crew at

Glendale's Mel-o-dee cafe are still having sessions Monday nights . . . Shorty Rogers' Giants took over the Tiffany when Shelly Manne left for a S. F. gig.

Jack Costanzo's group is backing frantic Frances Faye at the Interlude . . . Conley Graves' trio was held over for another month at the Encore . . . Julie London threw a champagne party to mark singer Jan Valerie's record breaking run at the 881 club.

Stan Kenton is now playing his first Hollywood date since the European tour with some new faces in the lineup . . . Bobby Kroll is Lillian Roth's music director for her current Statler stint . . . "Twilight Jazz at the Starlite" is tag for a new early Sunday eve series of bashes at the Manchester Blvd. spot.

Ray Anthony drew almost 12,000 cash customers to the Paladium in two weeks during recent date there. Buddy Morrow band is now onstand.

WAXED NOTES: Pianist Kenny Drew and drummer Lawrence Marable have signed with Jazz: West . . . Vik Records is bidding strongly for the Lighthouse All-Stars to join label on expiration of their pact with Contemporary . . . Pacific Jazz' newest sampler is very big with the younger set. Cover shows little girl sucking an ice cream cone . . . New vocal find Ruth Olney has cut a couple for Georgie Hormel's Zephyr label, including Stan Hoffman's opus, Easy . . . Barney Kessel made a new album for Contemporary with strings and woodwinds . . . Dave Pell now has no less than five albums on various labels' new release list . . . Only inde label in the top 10 is Murray McEachern's Music for Sleep-walkers Only on Key Records.

ADDED NOTES: Marty Paich will lead the "Dek-tette" behind Mel Torme at Birdland this fall . . . June Christy and Stan Kenton band are set for a Shrine concert Sept. 7 . . . The George Shearing quintet is due back here for local date November 27 . . . Young piano man Don Friedman is beginning to make his mark with Shorty Rogers' Giants.

Lady Day, after fracturing 'em at Jazz Citz for two weeks, moved across the pool to Honolulu's new Continental room for a month . . . Accordionist Dom Frontiere is now a&r man for Crystallite Records . . . Red Nichols, who never made Hollywood Palladium before, joins Jerry Gray there for the Christmas private party season beginning Dec. 1.

—tyman

San Francisco

June Christy off to a good start with her appearance at Fack's II in San Francisco . . . Stan Kenton may play a concert here prior to his Macumba date this fall . . . Louis Jordan did a TV shot for the Steve Allen show from Frisco in August.

—ralph j. gleason

Miami

Herbie Brock and his trio, with Brooks Caperton, bass, and Bill Ladley, drums, are back in the Onyx room of the Coral bar. Herbie and Bill have taken over operation of the room, and plan to renovate soon . . . With the shuttering of Ciro's, pianist Harry the Hipster Gibson disbanded his Dixie group, moved to the Black Orchid with a trio . . . The mid-August scene saw the

Fontane Sisters at the Vagabonds, while Dick Contino and Vicki Young shared the show at the Eden Roc. Harry Belafonte's signed to open there Dec. 16, notwithstanding reports that he is "boycotting the south." . . . George Shearing, Oscar Peterson, and Carmen Cavallaro are to follow Gene Krupa into the Ball and Chain for two weeks apiece . . . Charlie Spivak bought a home in Miami.

—june garrett

New Orleans

Bob Hernandez' Tribesmen, formerly a quartet, was augmented to sextet size when it left the Dream room here to fill an engagement at the New Frontier in Las Vegas. Pee Wee Erwin's swinging five-man Dixie crew from New

York followed the Tribesmen into the Dream room. Zonia's combo is the alternating group on the stand . . . Ted Weems band followed Chuck Foster into the Roosevelt's Blue room the middle of August . . . One's taste for good modern jazz is finally being given consistent satisfaction by the Campus Crew, which plays Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at the new Campus lounge. Former Hampton trumpeterman Wally Davenport fronts the quintet, which includes Red Tyler, tenor sax; Raymond Foster, piano; Clement Tervelon, bass; Robert Green, drums . . . The Gulf coast vacationers and airmen from Keesler field at Biloxi have been feasting their ears to the sounds of the Bill Bennett quintet—trumpet, alto, and



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—dick martin

Cleveland

The current heat wave well-matched by the intensity of music bookers who brought some of the best to Cleveland in August and early September. At Wexler's Theatrical Grill, Dorothy Donegan and Eddie Ryan were followed by the sleek sounds of Billy Taylor and group. Roger Coleman alternated with vocals. Buddy Greco, a popular figure hereabouts for a long while, took over on Aug. 27. Bob Bramer trio due Sept. 5.

Bill Doggett came in Sept. 3 at the Loop lounge . . . Erroll Garner broke all records at the Cotton club. J. J. Johnson and Bobby Jaspar were on hand Aug. 13 for a week. Max Roach came in Sept. 3 . . . At Kornman's Back Room, Mimi Kelly and her wistful whimsical ballads was followed by Eve Roberts, not so wistful, but certainly just as whimsical.

—m. k. mangan

Washington

The Casino Royal, a club that usually features pop recording stars, has booked Erroll Garner for a week in October. Teddi King finished a successful stint there, billed as a popular recording star . . . Earl Swope is working with the house band at the Wayne room . . . Jimmy McPartland's Dixie Six played two happy weeks at the Bayou, Washington's Dixieland mecca . . . Wednesday night Latin American sessions are to be inserted in the regular jazz schedule at the Vineyard. Joe Davie, baritone, and Charlie Byrd, guitar, are two of the many featured soloists. The Vineyard rhythm section is now made up of clinical psychologist Don Bradshaw on piano, German bassist Pete Cuje and drummer Dick Williams.

—tom tomlinson

Toronto

The Town Tavern's future lineup includes Tony Scott, Marian McPartland, and Bud Freeman . . . The Phil Nimmons group, recently featured at the Stratford Festival, will record an album for Norman Granz in September. The session will be held in Toronto, with Oscar Peterson supervising . . . The Peter Appleyard quartet has been recorded by Victor . . . The Colonial Tavern recently hosted the Max Roach-Sonny Rollins-Donald Byrd group. Coming are Erroll Garner, George Shearing, Duke Ellington, and Bud Shank.

—roger feather

Montreal

Frank Motley's band has been held over several extra weeks at the Esquire Showbar . . . Maury Kaye led his combo back to the El Morocco . . . The Glenn Miller orchestra with Ray McKinley leading and Marilyn Mitchell singing, played a one-niter at Lake L'Acadian . . . Bob Peters is singing at the Clover . . . Herby Spanier and Russell Thomas are the current leaders at the New Orleans cafe.

Music circles here were grieved by the highway traffic death of band-leader Blake Sewell and his daughter, Donna.

—henry f. whiston

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Here's List Of Jazz Societies

(Ed. Note: Fast assuming importance as a growing media for the dissemination of jazz information and the encouragement of jazz listening are the large number of jazz societies being organized across the country.)

(As a service to readers who might be interested in either joining or forming such a group, and so they might obtain information about how such groups are organized, *Down Beat* herewith offers a list of some of the leading clubs in the U. S. and in Canada.)

(Any societies not included in this listing are asked to send names and pertinent information and they will be carried in subsequent issues.)

CALIFORNIA

Jazz International, c/o Howard Lucraft, Box 1616, Hollywood 28, Calif.
Peninsula Jazz Club, c/o Chet Lane, 82 Hillside Court, San Mateo Calif.

FLORIDA

Jazz Association of Miami, c/o Mack Emerman, P. O. Box 3574 Miami, Fla.

ILLINOIS

Jazz Unlimited, c/o Milton Finstein 2138 E. 97th St., Chicago 17, Ill.
Modern Jazz Society, c/o Vertis V. King, 5046 S. Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARYLAND

Baltimore Jazz Club, c/o Adalyn Glaser, 6110 Green Spring Ave., Baltimore 9, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

Teenage Jazz Club, c/o John McLellan, Radio Station WHDH, Boston, Mass.

MICHIGAN

Escanaba Jazz Club, c/o Leon Bailey, Radio Station WDBC, Escanaba, Mich.
The New Music Society, 13525 Woodward Ave., Highland Park 3, Detroit, Mich.

NEW JERSEY

Jazz Association for Modernists, c/o Jack Gubala, 87 Chestnut St., East Orange, N. J.

NEW YORK

Hunter Jazz Society, c/o Ken Harris, 2781 Grand Concourse, Bronx 68, N. Y.
Jazz Unlimited, c/o Eleise Sloan, 1063A Sterling Place, Brooklyn 13, N. Y.
Long Island Jazz Listeners Association, c/o Thomas Lenahan, 4006 Howard Ave., Seaforth, N. Y.
Long Island University Jazz Club, c/o Jerry Leibowitz, 385 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA

Contemporary Jazz Society, c/o Ronald Corrio, P.O. Box 35, Phillipsburg, Pa.

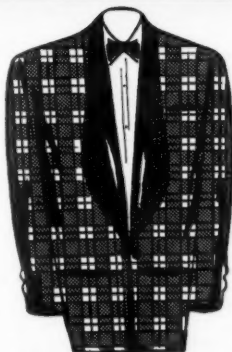
WASHINGTON

Northwest Jazz Workshop, c/o Paul Neves, 4521 Roosevelt Way, Seattle 5, Wash.

CANADA

Contemporary Jazz Society, c/o Arlene Travers, Hamilton, Ont., Canada
Edmonton Jazz Society, c/o R. G. Darby, 10624 106th St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
London Jazz Workshop, c/o James G. Bethea, 212 1/2 Dundas St., Suite #2, London, Ont., Canada
Toronto Jazz Society, c/o Dick Wattam, 111 Dowling Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada
University of British Columbia Jazz Society, c/o Jack Reynolds, 3206 W. 27th Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada
Vancouver Jazz Society, c/o Robert N. Smith, Vancouver Boys Club Association, Vancouver, B. C., Canada

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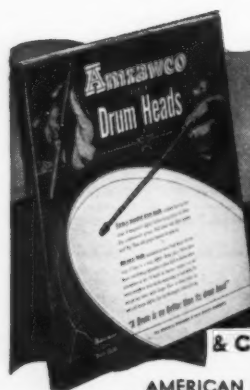
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the devil's advocate

By Mason Sargent

The Songs of Siobhan: Don't miss Irish Ballads, Folksong, and Lyrics read by the magnetic Irish actress Siobhan McKenna on the new Spoken Arts label (12" LP 707) distributed by Westminster. The first side is all Yeats, and the other consists of ballads, James Stephens, Joyce, etc. There is more musical flow and range of conception in Miss McKenna's unforgettable sound than in many contemporary singers, jazz or classical.

Less successful as music-reading but intriguing in content is Padraic Colum's recital of *The Golden Treasury of Irish Verse* (Spoken Arts 12" LP 706) ... And if you understand French, there is an illuminating series of 10" LPs on Period: *Andre Gide, His Works and His Voice* with Gide, Gerard Philippe, and Jean-Louis Barrault (FRL 1532); *Jean Cocteau*, who is, incidentally, honorary president of the French Academie du Jazz (FRL 1530), and the remarkably lucid observer of our tangled times, *Albert Camus* (FRL 1534) ... And the polyrhythms of politics is sound-underlined in *The Democratic Party: History, Campaigns, Presidents, Music*. Henry Fonda is narrator with colleagues David Wayne, Myron McCormick, Arthur Kennedy, Robert Preston, Clarke Gordon, Martin Gabel, and the voices of Roosevelt and Truman. The producer is Marvin Frank (Jefferson Records 12" LP, 550 Fifth Ave., New York City).



A Far-flung Miscellany: A summery collection of sweetly frank, quite frank love songs, largely from Elizabethan England, is performed by Ed McCurdy with Erik Darling, banjo and guitar, and Alan Arkin, recorder (Elektra 12" LP EKL-110) ... A vigorously burred, history-awakening program of *Great Scottish Ballads* is sung by Rory and Alex McEwen. A detailed booklet is provided (Folkways 10" LP FP 927), and the reed-soft, sensitive voice of Robin Roberts is heard in a group of *Folk and Traditional Love Songs* with guitar and dulcimer accompaniment (Stinson 10" SLP 77) ... The deep-sounding Sam Gary has been recorded in a well-wrought program containing such muscular memories as *Red Sun, Go Down Moses, Go 'Way from My Window, Scandalize My Name*, and *Shenandoah* (Transition 12" LP TRLP F-1) ... Volume 1 of the new *Music U.S.A.* series on Folkways is the rollicking *Six and Seven-Eights String Band of New Orleans* (12" FP 671) which includes on guitar the estimable jazz historian Dr. Edmond Souchon. The booklet tells much of the history of string playing in the evolution of jazz in New Orleans as well as the history of this durable avocational unit itself.

filmland upbeat

By Hal Holly

Nightmare (Edward G. Robinson, Connie Russell, Kevin McCarthy, Billy May and band).

An unpretentious little "suspense thriller" here, in which a jazz element has been injected by making one of the principal characters, played by McCarthy, the clarinetist in May's band, which, in this picture, is a jazz combo of sorts (not bad, just a little mixed up as to style) in a New Orleans hotspot. Miss Russell, the clarinet player's girl friend, is the singer with the band.

While under the spell of a hypnotist, McCarthy is taken from his hotel room to an old New Orleans mansion, where he kills a man—actually in self-defense. Still under the spell, he is returned to his hotel room. He awakes with only vague but terrifying recollections of what he thinks was a nightmare until he discovers bruises on himself and other evidence that the nightmare was real.

To the rescue comes detective Robinson, who, though at first unbelieving, in due time solves the case, clears our clarinet player and sees that the real villain gets his deserts.

The musical sequences, including those by the combo headed by May, who also has a speaking part, are neatly inserted. So, too, are a couple of songs by Miss Russell, who turns in a torchy performance as both actress and singer. Herchel Gilbert's effective underscore reflects two strong influences—the original May band and Stan Kenton. The veteran Meade Lux Lewis, of whom little has been heard in recent years, is featured in one of the nitery sequences. In all, it can be said of *Nightmare* that rarely has music been used so effectively to bolster the value of a picture that otherwise could not be classed as very strong film fare.

The band seen with May in the film is composed of the same musicians who did the recording (except for unseen Dick Cathcart, who recorded May's trumpet solos), a variety in movies. McCarthy's clarinet solos were soundtracked by Skeets Herfurt, one of the May bandmen in the picture.

ON AND OFF THE BEAT: Despite the condemnation generally heaped on it, rock 'n' roll, or reasonable facsimiles thereof, continues to make inroads on the movie scene. In addition to Sunset Productions' *Shake, Rattle, and Rock*, which we noted in a recent issue and which will feature Fats Domino, Joe Turner, and the Choker Campbell band (latter replacing the previously announced Carl Perkins), and Universal-International's *Crazy Love*, starring Sal Mineo as drummer-leader of a rock 'n' roll band, RKO inserted what is described as an r&r dance sequence in the Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds starrer, *Bundle of Joy*. And Columbia producer Sam Katzman, who started it with his Bill Haley starrer, *Rock Around the Clock*, has another one starting within a month or so. No one is signed at this typing. Tentative title *Rock 'n' Roll No. 2*.

It seems there is nothing more enduring, or more determined, than a true-blue Glenn Miller fan. In answer to considerable mail we recently tried to straighten out the music credits on those pictures Miller made for 20th-Fox back in 1942 or 1943. Now comes mail saying we were in error, that Ray Eberle sang with the Miller band in *Sun Valley Serenade*. Okay, Miller fans, we're all for you, but you'll have to settle it among yourselves. To heck with it.

DOTTED NOTES: Haven't checked it out, but we're told that Well, Did You Evah?, the Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra duet so effective in *High Society*, was introduced originally in 1939 in Cole Porter's *DuBarry Was a Lady*. . . Deejay Johnny Grant, widely known on the GI circuit because of his many camp shows, is set for role in *Crazy Love*. . . Freddie Bell and His Bell Boys, also rock 'n' rollers, drew two featured musical sequences in Columbia's *Rumble on the Docks*, one visual, one nonvisual. . . If you like opera, watch for the filmed version of *Madame Butterfly* made in Japan by Rizzoli-Toho-Gallone with an all-Japanese cast but soundtracked by Italian singers and musicians. . . Singer Julie Wilson (stage productions of *Kiss Me, Kate* and *Kismet*) makes her film debut in a straight acting role in the Horizon-American production *End as a Man*. New Yorkers know Julie best from her stints at the St. Regis Maisonette. . . Sinatra, back from Europe, reports to Paramount next for another strikingly different role, that of Joe E. Lewis in the Lewis biofilm, *The Joker Is Wild*.

radio and tv

By Jack Mabley

CHANGE IN TELEVISION is ever so gradual, just as it was when radio dominated broadcasting. You like to think that whatever change takes place is for the better—more honesty in the music, more subtlety in the drama,

fewer pratfalls in the comedy. And it may be working that way—at a glacier-like pace. First Milton Berle's seltzer bottles disappeared, and then Berle himself followed the seltzer into oblivion. And intelligent, low-gear Steve Allen now holds down the Sunday evening variety time on NBC, after all the low comics in the land had been tried and found boring.

Allen is a friend of good popular music and will display it without hokum, just as Ed Sullivan will on the other network.

The fall and winter network shows are all lined up now. With microscope we might detect some favorable changes.

OTHER THAN THE PRESENCE of Allen, little has changed on Sunday nights. Jack Benny still will alternate with Ann Sothern, and *What's My Line*, a show which began to drag for me about five years ago, still will be winding things up before the feature movies begin.

Lawrence Welk's *Talent Show* has been added to ABC Monday nights, and you don't catch us prejudging. CBS hasn't changed anything, but NBC is trying to fight *I Love Lucy* with something called *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World*, a quiz show in which somebody wins either a quarter of a million bucks or the most beautiful girl in the world or something. Anyway, it's one of those crummy giveaway shows and is a giant step backwards to counteract those tiny grains of progress we're seeking. They also have junked Ernie Kovacs for two half-hours called, in this order, *Sir Launcelot* and *Stanley*.

CBS has dropped those 7:30 p.m. musical shows and on Tuesdays has scheduled *Name That Tune*. I'm afraid to look. NBC is trying to counteract Phil Silvers' popularity at 8 p.m. with *The Big Surprise*, a \$100,000 quizzer. Herb Shriner has worked into the Tuesday picture at 9 p.m., which is good news for devotees of unfrantic comedy.

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS HAVEN'T CHANGED much, with Arthur Godfrey and His Employees dominating the early hours. NBC is meeting Godfrey's competition with a half-hour called *Adventures of Hiram Holliday*, which will be tremendous entertainment if it can hold an audience the way Paul Gallico's stories used to enthrall me a couple of decades back.

Ozzie and Harriet, *Kraft Theater*, *This Is Your Life*, *U. S. Steel Hour*, *The Millionaire*—all familiar names. Kraft and U. S. Steel are quality television and shouldn't change.

Tennessee Ernie Ford is the big new name on Thursday nights. So far nothing much has happened in the name of popular music, but Ernie stays on key and has a lot of fun, and he has arranger Jack Fascinato with him to make the best possible compromise between commercialism and integrity. My guess is that Ernie Ford will duplicate the rating splurge that George Gobel enjoyed a couple of seasons back.

MY MAIN INTEREST IN FRIDAY NIGHT is that *Person to Person* is back. So are the fights and a flock of half-hour dramas, and Walter Winchell is going into the 8:30 p.m. slot for NBC.

Saturday is the most musical night of the week, Lawrence Welk and *The Hit Parade* running anchor, of course. Perry Como is back, and Jackie Gleason returns to his sensible live format of two years ago. Sid Caesar is in the 9 to 10 p.m. slot, and spectaculars are on either NBC or CBS every other week. All in all, Saturday might be the best night of all for viewers to stay home.

Some of these changes are very delicately shaded, but weighing all the good against all the bad, TV looks a little brighter. We still haven't given up watching.





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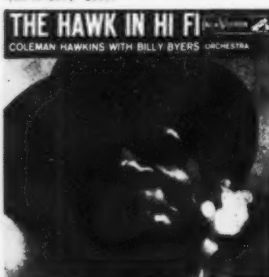
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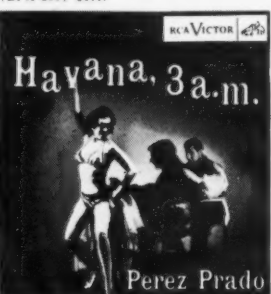
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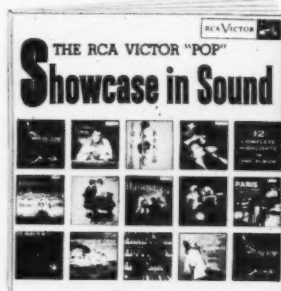


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It's Time To Get Rollin'



(Photo Courtesy of Chicago Daily News)

WHATEVER WE MAY think of rock 'n' roll, even if we dismiss it as merely teenage music, there is no getting permanently out of earshot. It catches up with you sooner or later on television or radio, in a restaurant, in the five and ten cent store, or from the mouths of babes.

IF WITH REGRET, we've no choice but to admit rock 'n' roll is part of our national culture, for the present, anyway. To disclaim it is futile; to deny its existence, unrealistic. To eradicate it, or at least to demote it, seems to be a matter of urgency.

Musical considerations aside, most of us could live happier without that nerve-jangling piano, that neurotic sax, and those jack-hammer rhythms. Rock 'n' roll has got to go.

THIS FIRST SECTION of *Record Whirl* in *Down Beat* is being devoted entirely to rock 'n' roll, with several viewpoints presented. Among them are those of a disc jockey, a psychiatrist, a veteran songwriter, a bandleader, a personal manager, and the American teenager, besides our own. Also included in the pages which follow is a personality profile of a rock 'n' roll performer whom we feel is more sincerely an artist than the general run of them who are cashing in on a trend.

Our own stand, we hope, is clear from the start. Rock 'n' roll may belong to the teenager, but the earache is ours.

As the man says: Never send to ask for whom the record plays. It plays for you.

THE WEEKEND of July 7-8 the entire country was alerted to rock 'n' roll music.

What had happened was that a crowd of over 2,500 at the Palomar ballroom in San Jose had rioted just in time for the news to make *Monitor* and the Sunday papers from coast-to-coast.

The band that was playing in San Jose that night was Fats Domino's. And, as has always been the case from the Original Dixieland Jazz band onwards, the music took the rap.

THE HEADLINES read "Rock 'n' Roll Riot" but what the papers didn't carry was the subsequent statement by the chief of police that the band was not responsible. In fact, the Domino group wasn't even on the stand when the riot broke out. And since then, investigation has placed the blame on the fact that intoxicants were sold in bottles, not paper cups, and that over 1,000 were denied entrance to the hall,

which was inadequately policed.

But trouble is news. Just like rock 'n' roll is news because it is an important, and increasingly important, part of the musical scene.

Fats Domino today is one of the most popular rock 'n' roll artists. In 28 dates on the Pacific Coast in July, he grossed close to \$80,000, and in only one spot, San Jose, was there any trouble. He did over \$6,000 in Seattle, \$3,300 at Sweets Ballroom in Oakland on a Tuesday; \$4,700 in Sacramento \$3,000 in Salinas and in Klamath Falls, Ore., he did \$2,500. According to promoter Manny Schwartz, who set up Domino's west coast tour, he went into percentage at every single date.

WHO IS FATS DOMINO and what is all this shouting about?

He was born Antoine Domino in New Orleans on Feb. 26, 1928, one of a family of nine, of which he is the only one musical. His father, how-

ever, was a violinist and his uncle, Harris Verett, had played with the Oscar Celestin and Kid Ory bands in the old days in Crescent City.

When Fats was 10 years old he started singing and playing the piano in New Orleans honky-tonks. His brother-in-law had given him some piano lessons and he himself had dug phonograph records by Amos Milburn and other rhythm & blues artists.

When Fats was 17, Dave Bartholmew of Imperial records heard him and signed him. His first disc was *The Fat Man*, an instant hit, and since then he has made 25 other sides for Imperial, almost every one of which was a money disc and three of which, *Ain't That a Shame?*, *Poor Me*, and *I'm in Love Again* have gone over the million mark. Fats, a casual soul if ever there was one, carries his gold plated plaque signifying the sales of *I'm in Love Again* in the trunk of his Cadillac!

DOMINO'S HITS have been tremendous ones. *I Hear You Knockin'* was his, *Please Don't Leave Me* and *Poor Me* as well as the current *My Blue Heaven*. To all of them he brought his peculiar hoarse shouting and his basically boogie woogie piano.

"I write tunes about what people say. Whatever you say, if it sounds catchy, I put it on a record," Fats says. "The only thing is the rhythm of it. You got to keep a good beat. The rhythm we play is from Dixieland—New Orleans. I don't know what to call it. I just keep it clean. To be frank with you, I really don't know what rhythm & blues is. Some entertainers go crazy on the bandstand, but I don't allow that on my band—I don't want no ratty dancing on my band at all."

One of the most interesting aspects of Domino's box office success is the fact that he draws a mixed audience wherever he goes. His attraction is as strong with a white audience as it is with a predominantly Negro audience.

And his records are now selling in both the popular and r&b catagories. His first Imperial LP, for instance, sold upwards of 5,000 in northern California alone and his second looks like it will repeat.

A VERY SHY man for an entertainer, Domino will not end a conversation even to go back on the bandstand, and he won't go on the stand alone; he has to be accompanied by some one. He has 200 pairs of shoes, several Cadillacs and 30 suits for his road trips. His seven-man band has, with two exceptions, been with him since he started, and they are on a regular salary with the added bonus of free room and board when the one-niter is particularly fat. During the past year, Domino has had only one week off—he spent that in New Orleans at his home with his wife and six children. He has a boy of 5, incidentally, who plays drums and piano.

Domino has a sly sense of humor and will sometimes talk for minutes using only the titles of his records for conversation!

There have been artists in r&b who have had more publicity than Domino but none who have grown so steadily over the past few years. Promoter (Turn to Page 46)

Fats Domino

Not Responsible

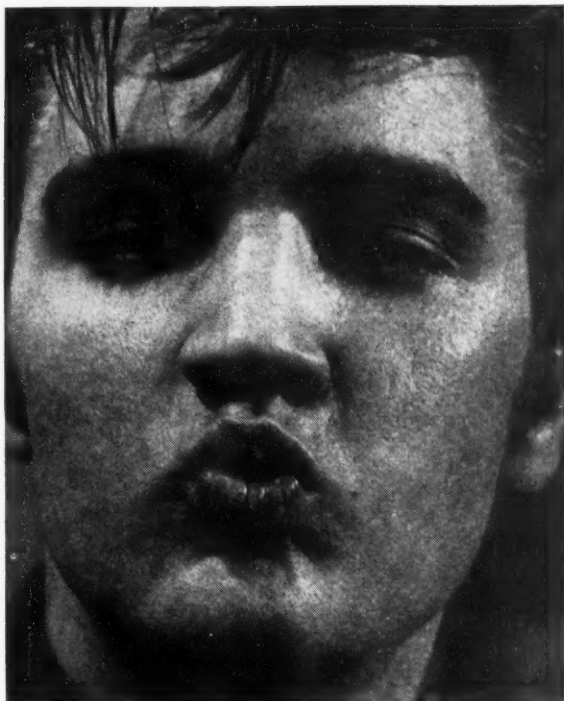
By Ralph J. Gleason



ELVIS PRESLEY

Can Fifty Million Americans Be Wrong?

By Les Brown



DO WHAT YOU WILL to Elvis Presley—slander him, mock him, step on his blue suede shoes—he'll still be king to his insuppressible army of fans.

Recently, in three successive *Record Whirl Blindfold Tests* by Leonard Feather, and in varying degrees of intensity, Jeri Southern, Mel Torme, and Dick Haymes each scorned the recorded work of young Presley.

The teenage readership responded with a howl. "I use to think Jeri Southern and Mel Torme were pretty good singers," reads a typical letter, "but now I wouldn't have their records if they gave them away free." And another, "... They should have deported Haymes."

Not two letters, but hundreds.

To hear some of the kids tell it, Mel, Jeri, and Dick never could sing a proper note in their lives, and all had better hurry pronto for some voice lessons—maybe from Carl Perkins.

There is another kind of letter which argues, "How can they dare say Elvis is bad? If he isn't a good singer, how come everybody buys his records? I don't see Jeri Southern or Mel Torme selling even a half million."

THIS RAISES an interesting point—shall criticism be aesthetic or democratic?

Can 50,000,000 Americans possibly be wrong?

The answer, it seems to us, is that it's not really a problem of right and wrong. Except in clear-cut matters of fact and morality, it's presumptuous for any man to declare another right or wrong.

It can be said, however, that 50,000,000 Americans have shallow or undeveloped tastes. And indeed, it should be said.

It's a bandwagon-conscious public, and most persons, perhaps for reasons of personal insecurity, feel a compulsion to get aboard every time. A small number—either because they are naturally iconoclastic, refined in their tastes, or otherwise aberrated—become the snipers.

Curiously, it's harder to make the people swallow sound, adverse criticism than it is to enlist them as adoring fans. Intellectual reasoning rarely succeeds in opening

an emotional or anti-intellectual vise, but we are always in need of heroes.

IMMEDIATELY AS ELVIS came into popular renown, the intimate side of his life was revealed, accurately or not. From correspondence and personal conversations I have had with Presley's staunchest teenage supporters, it has become clear that they favor him as much for his looks, his reputed kindnesses, his concern for his parents, and for the Horatio Alger character of his climb as they do for his vocal and physical gyrations.

Pure aesthetics have almost nothing to do with it, but that must have been obvious the first time you heard Presley perform.

Presley's miracle came easier than, say, Liberace's; and Libby was adored similarly, but mainly by a matronly element of the public. Yet, only a month before Libby's popularity began to lather by way of his television film series, you couldn't give him away to the press. Once lionized, however, Libby's life was serialized from Atlantic to Pacific on the front pages of the dailies.

Elvis never wanted for press, even from the first. The critics gave it to him with both barrels. Today, in a bid for the circulation nickel, the press is less reproachful, and Elvis continues to get plenty of space.

THERE HAVE BEEN WORSE SINGERS than Elvis Presley but few as "heroic." If he satisfies some ineffable universal need of the moment in 50,000,000 Americans, there seems to be no wrong or right about it. As long as they don't pretend to like him for artistic reasons.

What is deplorable is that so many Presley admirers have *wronged*, or are oblivious to, the fine talents of Jeri Southern, Mel Torme, Dick Haymes, and other serious vocal artists. They're not buying quality as yet, and before they do, they'll have to learn to distinguish between high quality and low quality.

That educational responsibility seems to fall mainly on the disc jockey, who still has the greatest proximity to, and the greatest influence over, the record-buying public. Fifty million Americans can easily be misled.

A Psychologist's Viewpoint

(Ed. Note: New York disc jockey Art Ford recently shared his WNEW radio microphone with Dr. Ben Walstein, a psychologist, for the purpose of analyzing the appeal of rock 'n' roll. The following text is taken from a transcript of that program.)

ART FORD: People say—"Why do you play rock and roll?" I say—"don't ask me, ask the people why they like it, why they want it. Find out why they want it. If you have a complaint, complain to the people, complain to life—don't complain to me." I try to reflect it in playing the music people want, because if I do anything less, I am being false to them. If it's difficult for me to understand rock and roll sometimes, then it's just my job to do what I am doing today . . . get ahold of an expert, find out, and study the subject.

And so we searched the field of psychology for a brilliant, for a very agreeable and liberal person like Dr. Ben Walstein, and I promised to him that he come to our studio here to-night and sort of psychoanalyze some records that reflect the trend for Elvis Presley and rock and roll. And in his own good-natured way, he will try . . . and he admits he's on new territory, too, because it's a brand new field for everybody.

He'll try to give you some of his ideas of what's behind some of the underlying principles that make people like rock and roll, and makes the kids go crazy for Elvis Presley. It should be fun. First, I would like you to meet Dr. Ben Walstein, consulting psychologist and author of *Transference in Psychoanalytic Therapy*. Welcome to our show, Dr. Walstein . . .

DR. BEN WALSTEIN: Good evening, Mr. Ford.

AF: Now you have had all kinds of patients come to you, but I suppose this is the first time that an inanimate object has been presented for analysis. Is that right?

BW: That's quite true.

AF: The problem here at hand is an important one, however, and an awful lot of people that I know personally are curious to know what this is all about. So the best way to find out this evening, comfortably seated at the microphone with pencil and paper in your hand and listen. Listen to some records that we deliberately have not played for you before so that you could get a fresh impression while we're on the air and give us your interpretation of what is behind this kind of music. First of all, Dr. Walstein, we would like to listen to a



Art Ford interviews Dr. Ben Walstein.

song by Elvis Presley. He sings on RCA Victor about *Blue Suede Shoes*.

(Music)

AF: All right, Dr. Walstein . . . tell us what you think about *Blue Suede Shoes*.

BW: Well, the first impression I think that I get from it has to do with this business of—"don't step on my blue suede shoes" . . . don't hurt me . . . allow me to have a sense of independence. The interesting thing about this has, I think, to do with the adolescent's desire for some degree of privacy. I think also that there is some sexual component in this in that one may say that the blue suede shoes represent something that has not been tried yet by the adolescent. I think, too, that this need for independence that the adolescent has is the thing that he is striving to achieve and he has not yet achieved it, and I think that's probably the most important thing about it.

AF: That's the core perhaps of what's behind the song. Now, about the performance by Elvis Presley?

BW: I guess it would be important to watch him in action. I see before me one of the record covers. I think that the way he grimaces . . . (I understand he really rocks his body in the course of performing a song) . . . I think there, too, the suggestiveness comes across . . . the sexual suggestiveness comes across.

AF: Would you say, doctor, that this is necessarily evil, or is it a normal

secondary outlet for this kind of urge that might be in youngsters?

BW: In my opinion the adolescent in every generation has the same kind of problem. There is an emergence of new urges which he probably doesn't understand. There are many cultural pressures which make it difficult for him to experience these urges freely, and in view of this kind of thing, I don't think that this is anything that is particularly evil. I think that if anyone . . . any of the adults in our generation . . . look back at their own adolescence, they would be able to pick out a particular style of music that gave them an outlet for expressing what couldn't be expressed through channels that nature provided.

AF: This next record by Little Richard—*Long Tall Sally*—his rock and roll at its wildest and loudest. I'll say no more than that. We'll let Dr. Walstein take it from there and listen to the record and see if he can analyze the performance and the song.

(Music)

BW: Well, this is a rather interesting record from another standpoint. I think it continues in the same feeling that the other record has, but at the same time in this record we see much more clearly the fact that the words are not quite as important as the rhythm. It's rather difficult to make out exactly what the words are. I could only pick out a few things about things going on in the alley . . . and "we're going to have fun tonight"

... but I think that the important thing here is that the words are relatively insignificant.

I think that his use of falsetto is significant, because I think here we have an expression of a kind of problem that I think all adolescents have, and that is the attempt to struggle through the period where all males, for instance, are trying to achieve some kind of masculine identification, and I think that this falsetto expression is it. There's another point that I would like to make about this record, and that is this business about "having fun tonight" ... "let's have fun tonight" ... and you know, I think if you would take a poll of a lot of these youngsters and you ask them exactly what they mean by fun, I don't think that you would get a very clear picture of what they are talking about. And I don't think they really know ... but I think this has to do generally with a kind of aimlessness, and at the same time a searching for a meaning in life.

AF: I certainly agree with you after observing a lot of the kids over the years, and I don't think we can blame them for that desire. I personally just wish that they find what they are looking for. Well, we're having a very deep discussion for a record show, but a very important one for a record show ... Elvis Presley is so important in the popular music picture that our guest psychologist this evening, certainly should have a second chance to hear him sing. Elvis Presley ... I particularly chose this record because there is less of the usual over-emphasis on the echo chambers and it's a little bit easier to hear what he's singing about ... *I'm Left, You're Right*.

(Music)

BW: Well, I would like to make a few more comments about this kind of music before we go into the actual theme that's being expressed. There's a definite sort of cowboy, western style to this music. And I think that this has to do with a general tendency that I've noted of people going back to folk music in the last 10 or 15 years and it's ... people liking it very much and it's achieved quite a bit of popularity. I think that it has a lot to do with an attempt of adolescents to strike some kind of roots in this world.

I think it has to do, too, with a search for something indigenous, an indigenous kind of music, and of course the theme of the song again has to do with the awkwardness and the lost quality that we find in adolescents. That they realize they are not quite as smart as they thought they were and they really don't know how smart they are. They don't know what their potential for living is and again, this searching and, of course, the theme of unrequited love is as old as the Greeks.

AF: There is sort of a savage, animal-like quality in his performance, in a way which is lacking in the usual theatrical refinements of show business, sort of a naturalistic school of singing. You think there might be some remarkable connection between this and the popular Marlon Brando, who also works very naturally? He comes from a school of acting which

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Manager Of Bill Haley Defends The 'Real Thing'



Bill Haley and his Comets

By Al Portch

FOR MONTHS there has been a growing tide of complaints against rock 'n' roll by ministers, teachers, parents, and police authorities across the country.

Last month, rock 'n' roll was banned by a St. Paul, Minn., radio station—not the first time this has happened—and Jersey City refused to permit a concert by Bill Haley and his Comets. Asbury Park in New Jersey followed suit shortly after, and then Pompton Lakes slapped a midnight curfew on a Haley rock 'n' roll session.

To the defense of rock 'n' roll came James Ferguson, rotund, middle-aged manager of the Haley group, who called the restrictions against the concerts "official timidity."

Said Ferguson: "What they (the parents and press) call the vulgarity of rock 'n' roll isn't rock 'n' roll at all. Some entertainers are selling sex, strictly sex. That sort of thing has been going on in hillbilly for years. But moving the hips a little isn't rock 'n' roll. The rock 'n' roll beat stems from old Negro church music, and there's nothing vulgar about that."

REMINDED THAT riots have broken out in several cities during rock 'n' roll sessions, Ferguson retorted, "Haley has worked 125 one-night stands in the past year and hasn't had a single riot. The Haley group also gets 400-500 letters a week on its records and appearances—not one of them from worried mothers."

"It's only people with hate in their hearts, parents who've failed at bringing up their kids right, who condemn rock 'n' roll. Take away the Strauss waltz and Handy's blues, and what else

has happened in music in the last 200 years—tell me that?"

Although he admits the term rock 'n' roll originated with New York disc jockey Alan Freed, Ferguson claims for Haley the distinction of having originated the actual music. The essence of the music is described in this wise by Haley's manager, "It's a beat and drive that's contagious. And the drive is the z-z-z-zing that gives life to something. Rock 'n' roll is the savage beat of the tomtom come to us down through the ages. The music is brrrrrooom-boom, and all the rest is showmanship."

Despite all the hostility to rock 'n' roll, Bill Haley and his Comets have been signed to headline a series of NBC spectaculars, and the group's most popular record, *Rock Around the Clock* has become one of the biggest sellers in record history.

BILL HALEY himself is a cherubic-looking man of 30, who began performing on a pasteboard guitar at the age of 13. He now gets between \$5,000 and \$6,000 for a one-night stand. Haley is married and has two children.

His manager, Ferguson, was recently inspired to write a song, although he mostly is a non-musical man. The song, typically, has a half-nonsensical title, *Thisaway, Thataway, Rockin' Doll*. He wrote it during a flight from Chicago "on the back of one of those bags they give you in case you're airsick."

He doesn't plan to write the music for it, however.

"One night the boys will just start to play it, and the music will come just like that," he said, with certainty. "Our boys don't even read music."

Alan Freed Says: 'I Told You So ...'



By Alan Freed

A COMPOSITION by George Armand and K. Leslie, *The Rock 'n' Roll Rhapsody*, has signaled that rock 'n' roll has assumed a position of stature in this era of the music business. This art form which has been satirized by comedians and analyzed by psychiatrists, has been immortalized on record by Joe Reisman's orchestra.

Needless to say, I am overjoyed to hear this and perhaps immodest enough to say, "I told you so." On second thought, I must give way to reminiscences about the first time I presented rock 'n' roll music on a radio program.

It was in 1951. I had a program on WJW, a Cleveland station. The program music, believe it or not, was classical. A friend who owned a record shop suggested that I visit the store. He said I might see something unusual. I accepted the invitation and had one of the most thrilling experiences of my life. There were dozens of kids having a wonderful time listening to the records of some of the people who were destined to become the very top performers in the idiom.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, it was under these conditions that I first heard Sam (The Man) Taylor, who was to become the music director of my band on CBS radio's *Rock 'n' Roll Dance Party*.

I spoke to some of the kids buying records at this shop. It became apparent that they were not only from the immediate neighborhood but from all parts of town.

I asked some of the kids, who came from all parts of town, what they liked about this "new" music. They said it was the beat, the rich excitement the singers and instruments provided.

I listened. I heard the songs of such artists as LaVerne Baker and Della Reese, two girls with real contralto voices who know how to tell a story. I heard the tenor saxophones of Red

Prysock and Big Al Sears. I heard the blues-singing, piano-playing Ivory Joe Hunter. I wondered.

I WONDERED for about a week. Then I went to the station manager and talked him into permitting me to follow my classical program with a rock 'n' roll party.

Well, that program hit the town like a World Series winner. So many fans were coming down to the studio to hear the records, meet Jackie, my wife and chief advisor, and me, that we decided to hire a hall and ask some of the rock 'n' roll artists over for a show.

Over 25,000 turned out for the first rock 'n' roll party. That beginning has since paled against the millions of rock 'n' roll fans spread throughout the world.

The climax of rock 'n' roll popularity has been reached by the coast-to-

coast CBS radio broadcasts of the *Rock 'n' Roll Dance Party*. And the fan mail we get from all around the country is an even match in excitement and a true barometer for the new and exciting beat that has swept the country.

AS MY FRIEND Mitch Miller says, "Rock 'n' roll in music is like comic strips in the newspapers. The kids have a right to it. It takes its place for them among all the other musical forms. But I think the reason that rock 'n' roll is popular with kids is that it represents a safe form of rebellion against authority. Also, it has contributed something — a prominent beat—which reminds us in the music business that rhythm can't be ignored."

I agree with Mitch. A long as the kids want rock 'n' roll, I'm going to give it to them, and as soon as they indicate they want something else, I'm going to give them that.

Songwriter Johnny Green Likens R & R To Tarragon

JOHNNY GREEN, A gentleman who has been writing good songs for many years, allows that bop music, hillbilly, and rock 'n' roll each has its place in the musical scheme, but he deplores the tendency of American listeners to swallow them whole, to the detriment of other kinds of popular music.

The man who composed such successes as *Body and Soul*, *Coquette*, *I'm Yours*, *I Cover the Waterfront*, *Out of Nowhere*, and more recently *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, had this to say:

"It's unfortunate that there is no kind of thermostat on popular taste. It seems as though we become obsessed with one form of music and lose all sense of discrimination. During the swing era, fine popular ballads and love songs had to take a back seat.

"Rock 'n' roll seems to me a natural enough outgrowth of our young peoples' love of rhythm. But it also seems to be taking over like an uncontrollable cell. My wife likes to cook and knows that I like the occasional flavor of tarragon. But she doesn't use tarragon on everything. Nor do we want rock 'n' roll to cut out other musical forms."

INCIDENTALLY, JOHNNY is a top Hollywood movie music executive today. He finds that Tin Pan Alley has changed completely, as far as song writing is concerned, since the day when he was composing for Broadway. "In the old days," says Johnny, "say 20 years ago, the impetus for making a successful popular song came first from the composer and lyricist, through the publisher, and finally to the performer. But the publisher was the key



Johnny Green

man, and his promotion of a song was all important.

"Nowadays, it's the performing artist who makes or breaks a song and who is the initiator of all activity, the funnel through which the song reaches the public. Also, a new figure has come into the picture. This is the artist and repertoire man of the recording company. Through him the song reaches the disc jockeys, and get radio and television exposure. The composer? He's way back there on the sidelines."

In The Whirl

By Les Brown

TURNTABLE TOPICS: Apart from the din, there are several other characteristics of rock 'n' roll that I object to personally. For what they're worth, my complaints are:

- That the trend gives too great latitude to vocal freaks, while some of the more gifted singers desirous of staying in the record swim have to cheapen their work with a *ya ta-ta, ya ta-ta* choral groan behind them;

- That all r&r tunes sound alike, or maybe it's a short-coming of my ear;

- That the songs seem to be even less inspired, more mechanically manufactured, than the usual run of pop tunes;

- That rock 'n' roll is not only unintellectual but practically anti-intellectual, making a virtue of non-communication.

In re the latter point, consider some of the more successful titles of recent date: *Be-Bop-a-Lula*, *Fruit Boots*, *Tutti Frutti*, *Ooby Dooby*, and *Gee Whittakers*. Pretty articulate, what? Other songs to make adolescent love by glorify the most pedestrian clichés, e.g., *Ain't That a Shame* and *See Ya Later Alligator*. Banality with a beat.

Bill Haley told *Down Beat* not long ago that he tries to base his songs on the familiar expressions of the people. But whom do you know who goes about saying, "Hot Dog, Buddy Buddy"?

I wouldn't think of taking rock 'n' roll away from the teenagers if it were possible for them to isolate a culture of their own, but it isn't. Practically all of the popular recording industry, from songwriter to disc jockey, panders to the teenage buying power. In the old days it used to be that adults handed culture down to their children, shaping their tastes according to their own mature judgment. Today adolescents dictate musical culture, so to speak, to the rest of us.

England is starting to go rock 'n' roll, too, but it's hard to imagine that it will ever become the craze there that it is here. We'll pray for England later. Ourselves first.

DEPT. OF FREE ADVICE: New independent record companies keep springing up after the phenomenal success of Dot and the breakthrough luck of several others. But the new ones are making a mistake to fall in with the trends of the times. The value of the small record company in the industry will always be in their contribution of originality. Seems to me the independents should forget about the current market and concentrate on music with a difference.



Buddy Greco, known to the discriminating as a singer of taste, lately recorded *Love Don't Be a Stranger* with the r&r trimmings in an attempt for a pop hit.



One of many country & western singers to be embraced by the urban pop music fans is Carl Perkins. His *Blue Suede Shoes* has a beat that can loosely be classified rock 'n' roll.

QUOTES WE DIG, DEPT.: Herm Schoenfeld in *Variety*, anent Elvis Presley, "The controversy still will go on between those who think he's not even a beginner and those who say he's the end."

GAMBOLING ON THE GROOVES: Liberace, his brother George, and Vampira—all of whom recently combined their talents in a Las Vegas night club revue called *Come As You Were*—may do an expanded version of the show on Broadway this fall . . . Certain persons in the music trade who have been making a living off of rock 'n' roll have organized a committee to try to stifle the bad press r&r has been getting . . . RKO Unique records has gone Hollywood. Recent pantees are Jane Powell, Piper Laurie, and Gloria DeHaven. Piper Laurie sings?

Epic similarly is looking for young actors who can sing in order to make a pitch at teenage fanship. The late James Dean would have been ideal. Tony Perkins has already been signed by the label, and Epic's negotiating now with Sal Mineo. The premise apparently is that you don't have to sing well to sing for teenagers . . . The King Sisters (remember?) are looking for a comeback on the Capitol label . . . Although the sisters Andrews are back together, it's reported that all is still not rosy . . . Latest estimate is that more than 5,000 new LPs will have been released in 1956, all fields of music counted.

NBC and its subsidiary RCA Victor, which have resisted an active part in the music publishing business for years, have finally chartered an ASCAP firm, owing to the increasing use of original music on TV.

A pianist who gives his name as Robert Roger Williams managed to pass himself off in Mexico City as just plain Roger Williams, the roccoco pianist who made a hit of *Autumn Leaves* not long ago. Did right well, too, for a time, until he got caught . . . Another fraud got away with the concert receipts of a one-night stand in a northern city. He advertised himself as Elvis Presley (sic) . . . RCA is developing a new low cost 45 rpm record player by which it hopes to increase the number of teenage record customers . . . Jackie Lee, the "hot piano" player, vows he saw this sign outside a bar in Atlantic City, N.J.—"Wanted, piano player who can open clams and oysters. Apply within."

LATEST BUT PROBABLY NOT LAST: The *Music For* . . . trend in packaged goods continues without mercy. ABC-Paramount recently titled a Sid Feller instrumental set *Music for Expectant Mothers*. Haven't heard it, but the title titillates my imagination. Anyone for accelerated labor spasms?

Guy Lombardo Won't Touch It

KNOWN for three decades as the man who plays "the sweetest music this side of heaven," bandleader Guy Lombardo maintains an attitude of indifference toward rock 'n' roll.

"I'm not opposed to it at all," he says. "It's just not my style. There have been many musical fads and trends through the years, and they have their place. But sweet music is what predominates and has the longest life. It certainly is the least wearing on the nerves."

Lombardo's smooth and sweet style may never have had a vogue like Elvis Presley's, but it has proved durable.

"The melody is the most important component," says Guy of his own music. "People want to know what the band is playing at all times. Next important is the rhythm. People want music they can dance to. However, to keep the music sweet and mellow, we



subdue the drums and let the other rhythm instruments, like the piano, carry the burden."

The only time Guy Lombardo rocks 'n' rolls, he says, is when he's zipping along in his speedboat on choppy water.

Psychologist

(Jumped from Page 43)

supports and endorses naturalism.

BW: Well, it seems to me that this is a general trend in all of the arts. I think you will find in non-objective paintings, as well, where there is an attempt to project a moment of feeling a person has. There is certainly an anti-formalism in Presley's style and I think this is in part . . . I think it's due to the fact this is in part what all adolescents do. It's a kind of rebellious mood they . . . some may idolize their parents, others may feel that their parents failed and they would like to strike out anew, for this is an anti-formalism I think is one of the characteristics . . . One of the things that is necessary for this kind of rebellion. But I think that the emphasis is on the moment of experience . . . the immediate experience as you call it . . . the return to naturalism, to get away. Well, this something that all adolescents go for, to get away from the phoniness that the adults are emersed in.

AF: A very interesting statement, Dr. Walstein. I think that a lot of the kids sitting there by the radio are saying, "I think he's right . . . he's cool." Well, right now here is our final record for your consideration. I think this one especially the lyric content has a great deal to say about what the adult rock and roller is seeking. I have a feeling this is more of a record on the would-be design for the '20ish, '30ish, or even the '40ish kind of person who likes rock and roll music, and sort of grown-up record in rock and roll. And its lyric has quite a lot to say about what they are seeking there. Let's listen to *Let's Have a Ball*, by the Wheels . . .

(Music)

AF: We played that for you, Dr. Walstein, because there is no doubt about it that all rock and roll records are not just sold to youngsters. There is a tremendous adult audience and some of the records appeal to them more than the others. This is more or less

on the adult side . . . and what was your reaction to this magnificent record, *Let's Have a Ball*.

BW: It's an interesting record, Mr. Ford. There is the kind of frantic quality in this record again. The idea that we have to live now . . . the now or never quality. If we don't live now, we may never have another chance to live—or we may never have another chance to have a good time—or have fun. However, it is I think an inability to actually be satisfied because any experience can always be outdone, and that's the theme . . . and so we have to keep suppressing the last one. And I think that this can only be an expression of a kind of insecurity and unrest.

AF: And not an uncommon symptom of our civilization . . .

BW: Well, certainly not . . . and this again may have something to do with the fact that rock and roll has become so popular.

AF: Too many large forms of amusement have rejected rock and roll . . . scoffed at it . . . large media, because they cannot understand it . . . won't make the effort to understand it. But in the record shop the classic may line the shelf when the man goes in or the boy goes in to buy the rock and roll record, and there is something very wrong with this if we are not in touch with why they buy that record . . . the rock and roller, and here at WNEW we've never been very far out of step. We like to keep in touch and that's why we have you here tonight. But I tell you it's quite an experience to hear you confirm some thoughts that I am sure about, and bringing up other points I never even thought of; but in general, I just wondered if in concluding you had any overall thoughts in just how harmful they are for our youth, or how harmful they are for anybody to be played, using some discretion of course . . .

BW: I have listened to some of the rock and roll records at home, and I have listened to these records here this evening, and in my opinion I see nothing particularly harmful about the music per se. I have already sug-

gested that in every generation adolescence finds some style of music that expresses some of the yearning, the frustrations, the loss, and at the same time, the frantic searching quality that adolescents have, and I don't see why—if the kids today have decided that this is the kind of music that expresses their search and their frustration—why we should ban it or interfere with their listening to it.

In fact, it seems to me that it would make a rather interesting study to look into the motivations, perhaps not so much the conscious rationalization about it, but some of the unconscious motivations that people, adults who are so concerned about the fact that kids listen to this kind of music. I have some speculations about it, that would certainly have to be tested by some kind of a study, but . . .

AF: May I say I know a lot of kids who would be delighted to submit their parents for the testing purposes. Incidentally, I think that is a dynamite subject you got there, and a very exciting one. Without any prejudice, or a down-the-nose attitude towards answers, I think you have been very liberal and informative and rather exciting in what you have to say about Mr. Presley and rock and roll.

Fats Domino

(Jumped from Page 40)

Schwartz has taken Domino for dates in California ever since 1950 when he booked him for three days. And Schwartz points out that this year Domino will have worked 60 days on the west coast and will even have played seven dates in Oregon and Washington, notoriously poor one-nighter areas.

In San Jose, for instance, at his first date there he drew \$2,500. The next year he did \$4,600, last year \$5,200 and this year \$6,000 and a riot.

Last year, Domino pulled an estimated \$265,000 gross for the one-nighters and records, and this year he is expected to reach half a million.

HE HAS A powerful teenage draw. Several thousand were turned away from his dances by police on the west coast as being under age. And the Domino fans are dedicated. Schwartz relates a story at a Merced radio station where the management said it had never heard of Fats Domino. "Call the office boy! Call the hotel bellboy!" Schwartz exclaimed in the best Jake Kearns manner (Schwartz is an ex-manager of fighters), and when the summoned witnesses arrived they testified that Fats Domino was well known to them. "See," Schwartz told the harassed station executive, "the people know him!"

Fats is booked by Shaw Artists, and his personal manager is a soft-spoken New Orleans youth named Bernard Dunn. Apart from Dunn, Fats has no percentages to cut up with anybody and can keep most of the heavy money that is rolling in.

And it is heavy money. He recently signed for a Hollywood motion picture, is scheduled for an eastern theater date and meanwhile keeps on the merry round of one-nighter after one-nighter to capacity crowds. "I could book him all year long," says Schwartz.

the hot box

By George Hoefer

MANY OLD-TIME collectors will recall Frank Kelly, who used to send out long lists of out-of-print records for sale or trade. These mimeographed displays emanated from Jacksonville,



Flo., during the winter months and from New York City in the summer time.

Kelly remains an active collector although the lists have disappeared. He is now a devoted researcher of bands and music personalities of the '20s and '30s.

A good deal of his time is spent in the

New York public library poring over old music magazines and newspapers.

Kelly's latest research has been on the Doc Peyton orchestra, a band name probably familiar to those who used to listen to WGY in Schenectady, N. Y., back in the depression years. The Peyton organization originated in the midwest back around 1928. There were two Peyton brothers hailing from Marion, Ind.—Doc, a pianist, and Freddy, a saxophonist.

FIRST OFF, Kelly disproved a rumor that Red Nichols played with the group and then went on to dig out the complete personnel. Doc, whose given name has not come to light, was the front man and played piano.

The band was made up of 11 pieces, in addition to Doc, and included Joe Dansha, tenor; Herb Wertz, drums; Don Coombs, trombone; Augie Clevenger, tenor (now leading a Dixie band in Nashville, Tenn.); Eddie Hunt, arranger and piano; Al Scherer, bass; Fred Schafer, trumpet (reported to be leading an all-girl band today); Lisle Sisk, trumpet, and Harry Carter, vocal. Carter and Freddy Peyton are dead.

Other names mentioned as having been Peyton men are Taggart, Maceo, Pete Johns, Nelson Presley, Jimmy McNamara, and Raymond Kapp. Kelly also says he now thinks that Andy Secrest started with this band.

The Peyton band came east in 1929 and booked out of an office in Utica, N. Y. The band's theme song, *Dear Old Southland*, was well known around New York state because of a great deal of radio time it had from the New Kenmore hotel in Albany, N. Y.

It is symbolic of the present sad state of jazz record collecting that the Peyton crew is not known to have made any records.

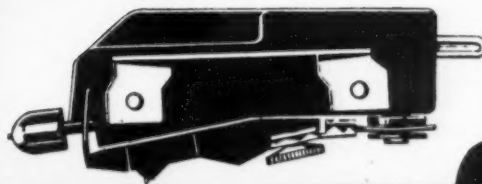
* * *

THE SALT CITY FIVE, under the leadership of Will Alger, has been playing unusually successful engagements around Syracuse this summer. They filled Rochester's Golden grill on weekends and during the week appeared at Memory Lane, Brown Jug, and Marine room, all in Syracuse.

In August they played at a benefit golf tournament in Denver that featured Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. The band has also acquired an MGM recording contract.

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band routes

Roy Eldridge

(Jumped from Page 14)

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS: b—ballroom; h—hotel; nc—night club; cl—cocktail lounge; r—restaurant; t—theater; cc—country club; rh—roadhouse; pc—private club; NYC—New York City; ABC—Associated Booking Corp. (Joe Glaser), 745 Fifth Ave., NYC; AF—Allisbrook-Pumphrey, Richmond, Va.; AT—Abe Turchin, 309 W. 57th St., NYC; GAC—General Artists Corp., RKO Bldg., NYC; JKA—Jack Kurtz Agency, 214 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; MCC—McConkey Artists, 1780 Broadway, NYC; MCA—Music Corp. of America, 598 Madison Ave., NYC; GG—Gale-Gale Agency, 48 W. 48th St., NYC; OI—Orchestras, Inc., c/o Bill Black, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.; RMA—Reg Marshall Agency, 6671 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.; SAC—Shaw Artists Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., NYC; UA—Universal Attractions, 2 Park Ave., NYC; WA—Willard Alexander, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC; WMA—William Morris Agency, 1740 Broadway, NYC; NOS—National Orchestra Service, 1611 City National Bank Building, Omaha, Neb.

Albert, Abbey (Statler) Buffalo, N. Y., h

Autry, Bill (Ali Baba) Oakland, Calif., b

Back, Will (Broadmoor) Colorado Springs, Colo., h

Bair, Buddy (Officer's Club) Ft. Benning, Ga., pc

Barlow, Dick (Drake) Chicago, h

Bartley, Ronnie (On Tour—Midwest) NOS

Basie, Count (On Tour—Europe) WA

Baxter, Les (Dunes) Las Vegas, Nev., 9/13-19, h

Beecher, Little John (On Tour—Midwest) NOS

Bellco, Dan (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Beneke, Tex (On Tour—Midwest) MCA

Brown, Les (On Tour—West Coast) ABC

Byers, Verne (On Tour—Texas, New Mexico) NOS

Cabot, Chuck (On Tour—Texas) MCA

Calame, Bob (On Tour—Southwest) NOS

Carle, Frankie (On Tour—West Coast) GAC

Caylor, Joy (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Clayton, Del (On Tour—Texas, Louisiana) NOS

Davis, Johnny (Casino) Etampes, France, pc

Day, Richard (Harrah's) Edgewood, Nev., pc

DeHannis, Al (Heldelberg) Jackson, Miss., in 9/15, h

Duke, Johnny (Town Club) Corpus Christi, Texas, pc

Ellington, Duke (Colonial) Toronto, Canada, 9/10-15, nc; (Red Hill Inn) Pennsauken, N. J., 9/18-23, cl

Elgart, Les (On Tour—New England) MCA

Ennis, Dave (Alpine Village) Cleveland, Ohio, no

Featherstone, Jimmy (On Tour—Midwest) OI

Ferguson, Danny (Gold Front) Cheboygan, Mich., nc

Fields, Shep (On Tour—Texas) GAC

Fisk, Charlie (Palmer House) Chicago, h

Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., h

Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour—East) GAC

Foster, Chuck (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn., out 9/29, h

Glasser, Don (Iroquois Gardens) Louisville, Ky., h

Gordon, Claude (On Tour—Northwest) GAC

Grady, Ed (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Hummill, Roger (Ciro's) Columbus, Ohio, nc

Jarus, Joe (Lawrence) San Jose, Calif., nc

Jerome, Henry (Edison) NYC, h

Jones, Spike (Chez Paree) Chicago, out 9/9, no

Kenton, Stan (Zardi's) Hollywood, Calif., 9/8-23, nc

Laine, Buddy (Des Moines) Des Moines, Iowa, h

Lane, Eddie (Roosevelt) NYC, h

LaSalle, Dick (Disneyland) Anaheim, Calif., h

LaMardo, Guy (Desert Inn) Las Vegas, Nev., in 9/25, h

Long, Johnny (On Tour—Midwest) MCA

Love, Preston (On Tour—Midwest) NOS

Lurie, Dick (Pin-Wheel) Cleveland, Ohio, nc

McGrane, Don (Radison) Minneapolis, Minn., h

McIntyre, Hal (On Tour—South) GAC

McKinley, Ray (Statler) Washington, D. C., in 9/20, h

Marterie, Ralph (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Martin, Freddy (Ambassador) Los Angeles, h

Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, h

May Band, Billy (On Tour—Southwest) GAC

Mercer, Jerry (On Tour—East) GAC

Mooney, Art (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Morgan, Russ (On Tour—East, South) GAC

Morrow, Buddy (Palladium) Hollywood, Calif., out 9/23, b

Munro, Hal (Milford) Chicago, b

Neighbors, Paul (Aragon) Chicago, out 9/9, b; (Chase) St. Louis, Mo., in 9/28, h

Palmer, Jimmy (On Tour—Midwest) ABC

Pastor, Tony (On Tour—East) GAC

Pepper, Leo (On Tour—Texas) GAC

Phillips, Teddy (On Tour—Texas) MCA

Price, Lloyd (Apollo) NYC, 9/7-13, t; (Howard) Washington, D. C., 9/14-20, t; (Pep's) Philadelphia, Pa., 9/24-30, nc

Ranch, Harry (Golden Nugget) Las Vegas, Nev., out 9/5, nc

Rank, George (On Tour—South) GAC

Ray, Ernie (Avalon) Casper, Wyo., nc

Reed, Tommy (Muehlebach) Kansas City, Mo., h

Regis, Billy (Palladium) Hollywood, Calif., in 9/29, b

Reichman, Joe (Muehlebach) Kansas City, Mo., h

Rudy, Ernie (On Tour—East) GAC

Sedlar, Jimmy (On Tour—East) MCA

Senn, Larry (On Tour—East) GAC

Spivak, Charlie (On Tour—Texas) MCA

Straeter, Ted (Plaza) NYC, h

Sudy, Joseph (Pierre) NYC, h

Watkins, Sammy (Statler) Cleveland, Ohio, in 9/16, h

Weems, Ted (Roosevelt) New Orleans, La., out 9/12, h; (Mid-South Fair) Memphis, Tenn., 9/28-29, b

Welk, Lawrence (Aragon) Ocean Park, Calif., b

combos

Adderly, Julian "Cannonball" (Marina) Washington, D. C., 9/4-9, nc

Alberti, Bob (Tony Pastor's) NYC, nc

Alfred, Chuz (Terrace) East St. Louis, Ill., nc

Arden, Ben (Statler) Detroit, Mich., 9/30-10/1, h

Allen, Henry "Red" (Metropole) NYC, cl

Armstrong, Louis (Mocambo) San Francisco, Calif., 9/18-30, nc

August, Jan (Sheraton Astor) NYC, h

Australian Jazz Quintet (Cotton) Cleveland, Ohio, 9/10-16, nc

Barone, Joe (Palladium) East St. Louis, Ill., out 9/9; (Tropics) Dayton, Ohio, 9/17-30, nc

Belleto, Al (Birdland) NYC, out 9/12, nc

Blockbusters (Coliseum) NYC, 9/10-16, t

Blue Chips (Colonial Tavern) Toronto, Canada, out 9/23, nc

Bredice, Louis (Adolphus) Dallas, Texas, h

Bryant, Rusty (Baby Grand) Wilmington, Del., 9/24-10/6, nc

Buckner, Milt (Harlem) Atlantic City, N. J., nc

Cavallaro, Carmen (Eddie's) Kansas City, Mo., 9/7-20, r

Cole, Cozy (Metropole) NYC, cl

Condon, Eddie (Condon's) NYC, nc

Dee, Johnny (Tropical Garden) South River, N. J., nc

Farmer, Art and Gigi Gryce (Continental) Norfolk, Va., 9/14-20, nc

Four Freshmen (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Garner, Erroll (Storyville) Boston, Mass., out 9/9, nc; (London House) Chicago, 9/12-10/14, r

Hackett, Bobby (Blue Note) Chicago, out 9/16, nc

Hamilton, Chico (Jazz City) Hollywood, Calif., out 9-27, nc

Herman, Lenny (Sahara) Las Vegas, Nev., out 9/17, h

Heywood, Eddie (Baker's Keyboard) Detroit, Mich., out 9/8, nc

Holmes, Alan (New Yorker) NYC, in 9/17, h

Hunt, Pee Wee (On Tour—West) GAC

Jaguars (Carousel) Detroit, Mich., 9/3-10-6, cl

Johnson, J. J. (Peacock Alley) St. Louis, Mo., out 9/23, nc

Jordan, Louis (Flame) Detroit, Mich., 9/14-20, cl

Kallao, Alex (Embers) NYC, out 9/8, nc

Kontz, Lee (Marina's) Washington, D. C., 9/11-18, nc

Lee, Jackie (Charlie Johnson's) Wildwood, N. J., out 9/8, r

Little Walkin' Willie (Rock and Roll) Pittsburgh, Pa., out 9/9, nc

Mabon, Willie (On Tour—South) GG

Mason, Vivian (Hutton's) Hollywood, Calif., cl

Mingus, Charles (Continental) Norfolk, Va., out 9/6, nc

Monte, Mark (Plaza) NYC, h

Morgan, Al (Steak House) Chicago, r

Newborn, Phineas (Esquire) Trenton, N. J., 9/14-20, nc

Nock-A-Bouts (Prima Donna) Reno, Nev., out 9/24, nc

Prysock, Red (Pep's) Philadelphia, Pa., 9-10-16, nc

Rico, George (Banerft) Saginaw, Mich., in 9/10, h

Roth, Don (Athletic Country Club) Dallas, Texas, out 9/23, pc

Scott, Tony (Empire) Trenton, N. J., 9/21-23, nc

mark down Ray Brown. That's my man. And Wendell Marshall, too."

The Present and the Future: "It's hard to tell what's going to happen. It's in the hands of the people who put it out. Take Coleman Hawkins, and the fact that he doesn't play the biggest clubs, as he deserves to. I can't understand it myself. He sure plays good music. Maybe that's it."

"One factor is that everybody is record conscious, even in jazz. Good music is harder to sell unless there's some gimmick behind it. I remember years past when I used to work in a joint, somebody would come up and say, 'That was a good set.' Now they come up and always say, 'That was a good show.' That's the difference."

"If the disc jockeys were to play the good records, that would help a lot, but there aren't enough of them that do. People have to hear a man to support him. How often do you hear records by Coleman Hawkins on the air? Or mine? I know mine are not that bad that they shouldn't get played because I've heard worse than them on the air. It's out of the hands of the jazz musicians. If they put out records by Hawkins and gave them a chance on the air, they'd make it, but if they hide them, they don't."

"Norman Granz has stuck by me and let me make what I wanted. I know my records don't sell peanuts, but he felt it's good music and said to keep on trying."

"These days, when I'm not with JATP, I play some clubs, work Central Plaza weekends in New York, and often prefer three or four days a week to a steady job. Like the Plaza and one or two other nights."

"One thing today is that there are not enough sessions. I remember me and Jo and Lester in Chicago around 1936-37 when Basie first came around with the big band. Every night I'd pick them up, and we'd jam. Now if you go out to jam and don't play a certain way, the cats don't like you, and there are no kicks."

"So for people like me and Coleman, there are no places for jamming these days. We used to go out to play, and we'd have a ball. There was no feeling of 'I'm going to outplay you.' And we went out every night."

"Now guys who feel like I feel don't have any steady gigs where you can come and jam. The other guys have the gigs today. And they don't want you to play with them if you don't play their things. They let me, but they don't mean it, and I can feel the draft."

Shank, Bud (Modern Jazz Room) Chicago, out 9/9, nc

Shearing, George (Storyville) Boston, Mass., 9/10-16, nc

Smith, Somethin' and the Redheads (Desert Inn) Las Vegas, Nev., out 9/10, nc

Taylor, Billy (Composer) NYC, in 9/16, nc

Towler, Nat (On Tour—Midwest) OI

Turnabouts (Club 61) Muskegon, Mich., out 9/15, nc

Tyroness (Surf) Baltimore, Md., out 9/17, cl

Vaughan, Burj (Tropics) Dayton, Ohio, out 9/16, nc

Wilson, Teddy (London House) Chicago, out 9/9, r

Winding, Kai (Esquire) Trenton, N. J., 9/7-11, cl

Yaged, Sol (Metropole) NYC, cl

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Woody Herman

(Jumped from Page 9)

rhythm section, which also includes Monty Budwig, bass, and Vince Guaraldi, piano.

According to Herman, Ralph Burns wrote a generous portion of the octet book. There also are featured many numbers from the big band, scaled to size.

"You can get a good idea of the things we're doing with the octet from our new Capitol album, *Jackpot!*" ex-

plained Herman. "Then, too, before we left Chicago, a couple of months ago, we did another new one with the Herd—an all blues album. It's a gas, too."

Reverting to the band business scene, Woody sighed. "To me, it's heartbreaking that conditions today make it so tough for young leaders to get started. In the old days, if you were starting out a band, you set yourself a goal, and you shot at that goal. Today, there just doesn't seem to be any goal to aim for. This is one of the things a youngster today has to buck. And what is he going to do? You can't create

business where it doesn't exist.

"One very good development we noticed the past year, however, was more school dates. This is very encouraging, I feel, because we were reaching the age group to which our music should appeal.

"I hope for, and anticipate, more and more of these school bookings. If the kids reach the point where they genuinely want to hear what we have to say, then maybe that goal I was speaking about will be there to shoot at again."

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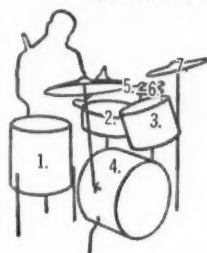
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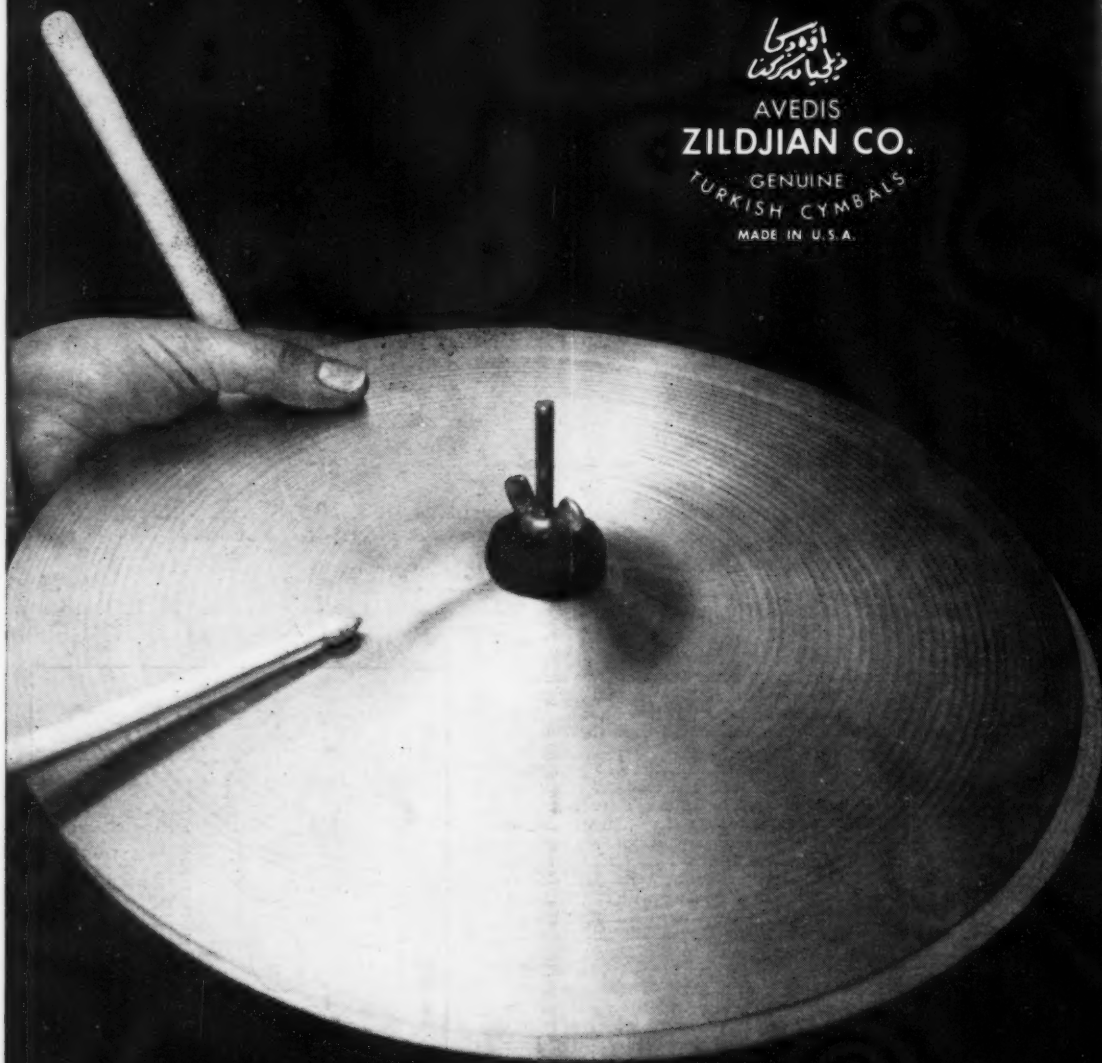


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